

75 CENTS

FEBRUARY 2, 1976

TIME[®]

Olympic Preview **Artistry
on
Ice**



Skater Dorothy Hamill

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A LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN

Two weeks ago we published in this space a letter about the postal crisis from Time Inc. Chairman Andrew Heiskell to President Ford. The President has replied to Mr. Heiskell's letter and we are pleased to carry his response.

Dear Mr. Heiskell:

Thank you for your letter of December 12, 1975. I appreciate your sharing your thoughts with me with respect to the problems of the U.S. Postal Service.

At the time of postal reform, our postal system was in serious trouble. It was suffering under an archaic organizational structure and overlapping and often contradictory laws and regulations. It was also hindered by an ancient physical plant, low employee morale and productivity, and political pressures. These problems left a poor legacy as postal management has struggled to bring about change. Improvements have been made and, despite occasional complaints, the overall record of the Postal Service in terms of reliability and speed of delivery is quite good, particularly when compared with other countries.

This is not to say that postal management cannot do more to reduce unnecessary costs. I know that Postmaster General Bailar is devoting his full energies to this goal. While recent rate increases have been larger and more frequent than we would like, these cannot be attributed solely to the acts of the postal management. The Postal Service, like all business type operations, has had to deal with the strong inflationary pressures of the past few years.

I still believe that the principles embodied in postal reform will provide us with a far more efficient postal system. Among those principles is one which calls for the apportioning of the costs of all postal operations to all users of the mail on a fair and equitable basis. I support that principle; I believe it is sound and that it should be pursued to the maximum extent possible.

The cost of postal operations must be met and should be met equitably. The alternative to users supporting the postal system is to shift the burden to the general taxpayer. Such an approach is not fair and—by itself—would do nothing to reduce postal costs.

I would like to comment briefly on some specific points which you raised in your letter concerning Executive Branch control over the Postal Service. Under the Reorganization Act the operating budget of the Postal Ser-

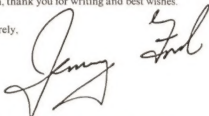
vice is the responsibility of the Board of Governors. Federal appropriations to the Postal Service Fund represent only a small portion of total postal revenues and are provided to cover certain specific costs. Among other things, they provide for public service assistance to the Postal Service during the transition to a completely independent status. I have continued to support the annual appropriation of those funds as set forth in the Reorganization Act, but I have also opposed further taxpayer assistance for extended phasing. I do not have responsibility for making recommendations on the remainder of the Postal Service's budget.

In keeping with the Postal Service's new independent status, the White House neither approved nor disapproved the recent postal labor settlement.

There are no easy solutions to the problems and deficits which face the Postal Service. Future rate increases will be necessary to cover costs, and I believe it is reasonable to expect such increases as long as they follow other general price increases in the economy. I remain unconvinced that taxpayers should be responsible to hold down rates for users.

Again, thank you for writing and best wishes.

Sincerely,



We are grateful for the President's letter. But we respectfully suggest that Mr. Ford has failed to respond to key points at issue. Nowhere does he reply to our detailed comparison of the Post Office deficit with that of New York City, even though that comparison was originally suggested by the President himself. Nor is there any recognition in his letter that the present postal nightmare concerns not just fiscal appropriations but the health and even survival of much of the free press.

In his meeting with the magazine publishers, President Ford said he felt it necessary "to really put the screws on" the Postal Service. Yet in his letter Mr. Ford says almost nothing about the question of postal salaries. Whatever "putting the screws on" means, it cannot exclude the problem of wages. The President was tough in his meeting but is benevolent in his letter.

What the President does say about wages is that "the White House neither approved nor disapproved the recent postal labor settlement." The fact is that a member of his staff, just nominated by him to be the new Sec-

retary of Labor, headed the agency which conducted the negotiations that led to the most recent postal contract.

The President says he supports "apportioning of the costs of all postal operations to all users of the mail" with no allocation at all to the "general taxpayer." But aren't those who receive mail also users as well as taxpayers? Aren't recipients of monthly Social Security checks users? A significant portion of postal costs are generated by service to recipients, i.e. taxpayers, especially those in rural and isolated communities. Such service is direct to the home and without charge. For almost any comparable service, the citizen must make his own pick-up or pay for delivery to his home. In testimony before the House Subcommittee on Postal Service this past summer it was suggested that an amount equal to \$35 for every postal delivery address would be one way of measuring the public service function of the Postal Service, a service which should be financed from general revenues. That would amount to well over \$2 billion or more than enough to cover the foreseeable postal deficit.

In closing the President suggests "it is reasonable to expect" further increases "as long as they follow other general price increases in the economy." The lamentable fact is that present and scheduled postal rate increases are grossly out of line with past or predicted general price hikes. Time Incorporated's second-class postage rates have increased 146% over the past five years. If the already scheduled rate increases take effect, that figure would jump to an increase of 389% in July 1979. And without funding for extended phasing, which the President opposes, that 389% increase will become effective this year. For a monthly magazine like the Atlantic, the comparable rate increases would be 100% and 270%. For a typical weekly newspaper, the percentages of increase are 140% and 680%. By any index of prices, such hikes cry out for comparison to those that the OPEC cartel has imposed upon us.

Andrew Heiskell

INDEX

Cover Story.....56	Education.....44	Nation.....8
Color.....57	Environment.....42	People.....40
	Forum.....4	Sexes.....49
Books.....66	Medicine.....43	Television.....72
Cinema.....74	Milestones.....55	Sport.....56
Economy		Theater.....55
& Business.....50		World.....22

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Let the boys have their pleasures—I've got a family car with plenty of cargo space in the rear and extra safety features, like an electric rear window defogger for better visibility, or a special system that helps me stop if one of my front tires blows. If you're a one-car family like us, this '76 Dasher has everything for everybody.



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'76 DASHER

Sedan and Wagon

Watching and Weeping Along

To the Editors:

Happy day! We can finally come out of the closet. Your acknowledgment of the value and enjoyment found in soap operas [Jan. 12] enables us Big Mac lovers to admit that we watch and weep along with Julie and Doug.

Jo Lahman
Surfside, Fla.

Soap operas are for people who have nothing better to do. Reporting on soap operas is for magazines with nothing better to do.

Arthur Preston
Oxnard, Calif.

Daytime drama might paraphrase a slogan: "Just sit back and leave the suffering to us."

Geri Sawicki
Mequon, Wis.

The soaps—fitting nomenclature: they have the capability of inducing immediate nausea and vomiting.

Margo de Simon
Silver Spring, Md.

You neglected a big segment of the daytime soap-opera audience: those

I'm sure you inadvertently omitted Dr. Steven Aldridge (David O'Brien) of *The Doctors*. He has done more for the middle-aged woman than any hormone possibly could.

Naomi Detty
Hazleton, Pa.

Your speculation that the soaps might be regarded as heirs to the 18th century picaresque romantic novel or to Defoe's *Moll Flanders* defies belief. Samuel Richardson—author of *Pamela* and *Clarissa*—has an ironclad patent on the myths and psychological devices of today's soaps.

Paul Crabtree
Buffalo

The thing that drove me batty about *Another World* was that I couldn't sit down with Rachel and talk sense into her head. So I stopped watching.

Patrick C. Baker
Elmhurst, N.Y.

The soaps glorify, romanticize and legitimize all that can be ugly, perverse, convoluted and painful in interpersonal relationships. I think they are a menace to public mental health.

(The Rev.) Alan Steinke
Panama City, Fla.

GASP, S.H.A.M.E.!

Re your essay on smoking [Jan. 12], my answer to GASP, NSP and S.H.A.M.E. is: Smoking Helps Inhibit Tension.

Mark Anthony
Lubbock, Texas

Smoke? Then don't exhale. If you enjoy it so much, keep it all to yourself.

Mrs. Ken Kallestad
Bismarck, N. Dak.

No one who routinely travels in an internal-combustion vehicle has the right to tell me that my cigarette is polluting his air.

Steve Hoffmann
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

For any anti-smoker who doesn't barbecue in his backyard I shall, upon request, stub my cigarette.

Jean R. Hoppin
Columbus

You say that most smokers "can generally be persuaded to douse the weed with a mild adjuration." My four-year experience as a nonsmoker making such requests on the Boston MBTA includes two actual physical assaults.

Peter Kirby
Cambridge, Mass.

Leave the cigarette smokers in peace—but hang the cigar smokers.

Sue Crain
Belmont, Calif.

Seems to me that you might have covered the topic more succinctly using this verse learned in a Bible School class of 50 years past:

*Tobacco is a filthy weed,
And from the Devil doth proceed;
Robs your pockets, burns your
clothes,
And makes a chimney out of your
nose.*

Barbara Madill
Horsham, Pa.

I have spent many years reflecting on the problem of smoking, while breathing other people's smoke. I've concluded that the only fair way to handle it is to allow smoking only in private homes when no nonsmokers are present, and certainly not in Wyoming at all.

Sarah Doll
Lander, Wyo.

I am sorry I smoke. I realize it is bad for me, fear it may eventually kill me and have unsuccessfully tried to give it up many times. But while fully realizing that the aim of the zealots may be well intended, I warn them that anyone who snatches a butt out of my mouth had better be prepared to get my fist in his or hers.

Pete S. Conover
Venice, Fla.

Yank and Pluck

Because I am squeamish, I cannot worm a fishhook or kill an animal, but when it comes to the La Guardia massacre [Jan. 12], I say the murderers should be disemboweled, their fingernails yanked and their eyes plucked out.

Mrs. John F. Rakszawski
St. Marys, Pa.

We need less federal bureaucratic surveillance and more first-class law enforcement and prosecution. If the bombers are caught, convicted, then given a dose of punishment based on the "eye for eye" doctrine, this foolishness will end.

Carl E. Hyden
Columbus, Ind.

Loebotomy

Many of us in New Hampshire feel that William Loeb [Jan. 12] should apply his paper's slogan ("There is nothing so powerful as truth") to the Manchester *Union Leader*, reasoning that it does not represent Manchester, preach unity or exert true leadership. When



lonely people, both young and old, who find in the characters the family, friends, continuity and roots they are denied by contemporary society.

Nancy Breckenridge
Lake Park, Fla.

"As the world turns," I have faith that there will be a "guiding light" in my "search for tomorrow." Unfortunately, "all my children" ("the young and the restless") are in "another world" and facing the "edge of night." Hooray for the soaps!

Barbara L. Lesonsky
Canoga Park, Calif.

THE FIRST BEER CAME FROM BAVARIA.
THE BEST ONE STILL DOES.



Loeb was in a Boston hospital recently, some fantasized that instead, the whole state should be in—for a Loebotomy.

*James H. Kennedy, Editor and Publisher
Consultants News
Fitzwilliam, N.H.*

Loeb may have been responsible for having the slogan "Live free or die" put on New Hampshire license plates, but just for the record, it happens to be the motto of the state of New Hampshire.

One of my mottoes is "Distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful."

*(Mrs.) Jane J. Hanson
North Hampton, N.H.*

Medijargon

When my laughter subsided after reading your story on doctors' jargon [Jan. 12], I found I had experienced "a series of spasmodic and partly involuntary expirations, with inarticulate vocalization, normally indicative of merriment," as defined in Dorland's Illustrated Medical Dictionary.

*John C. Patterson Jr.
Sarasota, Fla.*

Medal Mania

The article on France's current medical mania [Jan. 12] reminded me of

André Gide's observation that by middle age all Frenchmen acquire two things: gonorrhea and the Légion d'Honneur.

*Gavin P. Murphy
New York City*

Still Home

In the story "A Troubling Reverse Exodus" [Jan. 12], your readers are erroneously informed that I have emigrated from Israel.

My family and I have never contemplated leaving Israel, and my home remains in Tel Aviv, where I continue to be active as the artistic adviser of the Israel Festival and as a professor at Tel Aviv University. It is always from Israel that I travel abroad for my conducting activities in Europe and in the United States.

*Gary Bertini
Tel Aviv*

"I Plan to Appeal"

I wish to point out a discrepancy in your article about my court case [Jan. 12]. My older son Jimmy went to live with his father in September 1975, not 1974, as stated.

I also wish to assure you that the "legal setback" is only temporary. With the help of friends, both homosexual and heterosexual, I plan to appeal the de-

cision. I am secure in the belief that I am a good mother, despite the verdict of ten Dallasites who are uptight about homosexuality.

*Mary Jo Risher
Garland, Texas*

Not Intrigued

You state [Jan. 19] that I made voluntary social security an issue in '64. Governor Rockefeller's organization picked this out of my book, *Conscience of a Conservative*, where it was merely discussed, and they made it the issue it became. For your information, if that suggestion were voted on by the people today, it would be accepted, as the majority of young people are not intrigued with the system on an involuntary basis or even the system at all.

*Barry Goldwater
U.S. Senator, Arizona*

Woman-a-Month Plan

With your choice for Man of the Year [Jan. 5], it now appears that instead of a man for all seasons we have a woman for every month!

*Patricia Thompson
Newark Valley, N.Y.*

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A message to former members of the Peanut Gallery as they approach middle age.



The Peanut Gallery was the little grandstand on The Howdy Doody Show where all the children sat.

But it was also meant to include every child who sat in front of the TV enraptured by Buffalo Bob, Clarabelle, Phineas T. Bluster and friends. You were all buddies and contemporaries of Howdy Doody, and that's the way it would always be.

Of course, that isn't the way it stayed. You grew up and got married. And Howdy Doody, who would always be a child, is now thirty-three years old.

You can't postpone the future.

If all that time can fly by so fast, imagine how quickly the *next* several years will pass.

That's why we'd like to urge you to get ready for them.

And that's where Metropolitan Life can help.

We don't just insure your life.

We help insure your future.

You're probably hoping to send your children to college. We can provide insurance that can help make it possible.

Or maybe you'd like to build the vacation home you've always promised yourself. Your Metropolitan insurance can help.

Or maybe, instead of retiring, you'll decide to start a second career or your own business. We can help make that possible, too.

In fact, two out of every three dollars we pay out in benefits go to

living policyholders—to help pay for their future.

He who hesitates pays higher premiums.

At Metropolitan Life, we insure over forty million people. We've been helping people prepare for the future for 107 years. But while much has changed over that time, one fact about personal life insurance is always the same:

The sooner you begin, the less it costs every year.

See your Metropolitan representative. Soon.

Because the future gets closer every minute.

 **Metropolitan**
Where the future is now

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

New Life for Death

The Supreme Court last week finally decided to consider anew the perplexing question of capital punishment. It agreed to review the cases of five convicted murderers sentenced to death under state laws enacted since 1972, when the court ruled that previous laws authorizing the death penalty were unconstitutional. The new Supreme Court decision, expected in June, will decide the fate of more than 400 prisoners now awaiting execution under a variety of state laws.

Although the nine Justices issued nine separate opinions in the court's 1972 decision, the overall vote to suspend the death penalty was 5 to 4. Since then, 34 states have passed new laws trying to meet the various objections raised by the Justices. That in itself seems to indicate that there is substantial popular sentiment for execution in certain specified crimes—a point that could influence the court. Moreover, retired Justice William O. Douglas, who broadly opposed the death penalty as cruel and unusual punishment, has been replaced by John Paul Stevens, whose legal philosophy is more moderate than that of his liberal predecessor. Close observers of the court predict that it will vote this summer to restore executions by a margin of at least 6 to 3.

In Hallowed Halls

THE PLACE OF JUSTICE IS A HALLOWED PLACE. Not far from where that motto is displayed in the Justice Department's Washington headquarters, a new portrait was unveiled last week. The likeness was that of Richard Kleindienst, the first Attorney General ever to be convicted of a crime. A casualty of Watergate, he had pleaded guilty to testifying falsely before a U.S. Senate committee.

No mention of Kleindienst's conviction was made in the low-key 15-minute ceremony. It was clear that the department was trying to routinely follow its practice of displaying the portraits of all past Attorneys General. There is more apprehension over what to do about John Mitchell, the first Attorney General ever convicted of a felony (Kleindienst's crime was a misdemeanor). So far, Mitchell has not found time to pose for an artist.

Pickets in the Trenches

"Over the top, Soldier," shouts the U.S. Army lieutenant. "It's not my turn, Sir," protests the private. "I'm going to the grievance committee."

Around a scoffing Pentagon, that

kind of dialogue is projected if new proposals to organize labor unions in the armed forces should ever be realized. Formally, the Defense Department proclaims in a policy statement that collective bargaining in the military inevitably would cause an "erosion of command authority." Informally, one Pentagon official vows: "We'd fight it to the death. There's no way you can have an army that way."

At least one union, the American Federation of Government Employees (an AFL-CIO affiliate with 300,000 members), is serious about the notion. Its rationale: since military pay is already linked by law and practice to the salaries of federal civilian employees, the two should combine their muscle to bargain together. The union insists that wartime discipline need not become a matter of union negotiations. Union officials note that countries such as West Germany, The Netherlands and Sweden have unionized soldiers and no breakdown of discipline has resulted. What's more, as one joke among the Government Employees union leaders has it, if soldiers won shorter hours at the bargaining table, perhaps future wars would be shorter, too.

The Good Life

The good life, said a woman in Kansas City, Mo., is "when you aren't up to dabbling in the luxuries but have lots more than the necessities." A Bostonian described it as "anyplace with nice lawns and a quiet suburban street." To average citizens in Kansas City and Boston, the good life means about \$25,000 a year, a seven-room house in the suburbs, two cars and three weeks of vacation. Those conclusions were drawn from a survey of 900 people in the two metropolitan areas by Richard Coleman, senior research associate at the Joint Center for Urban Studies of M.I.T. and Harvard University.

Among other things, he learned that Americans divide social and economic status into the following categories: a success elite (whose members earn at least \$59,000 a year in current dollars), people doing very well (earning more than \$37,000), the good life everyman style (\$25,000), the average-man comfortable existence (\$18,000), just getting along (\$12,000) and having a real hard time (\$7,500). Coleman found that what he considers "average" Americans (typically blue-collar workers earning \$16,000 to \$20,000 a year) hope to attain the good life. But few want to go any farther. Reason: while most envy the success elite's material comforts, only a handful want anything to do with the hard work necessary to achieve and maintain the highest status.



PRESIDENT FORD ADDRESSING CONGRESS
"Time for a new realism."

THE WHITE HOUSE

Drawing the Battle Lines

It was Gerald Ford's week, and he made the most of it. Projecting a fresh sense of confidence in himself, his policies and his political future, the President used the power of his office to take attention away from Ronald Reagan, his Republican rival, and from a crowded field of Democratic candidates. Ford used the State of the Union address and the budget message not only to lay out his programs but to launch in earnest his campaign for election in November.

Shaping the theme of his budget and his campaign, Ford relied on his instincts—and the findings of pollsters. Both told him the nation was fed up with what he called "bigger and bigger Government." Declared the President: "The American people know that promises that the Federal Government will do more for them every year have not been kept. I make no such promises. I offer no such illusion." Ford urged the nation to practice the "common sense" once preached by Tom Paine, and called for a return to the old-fashioned virtues of "restraint" and "self-reliance." The President said, "The time has now come for a fundamentally different approach [to Government], for a new realism that is true to the great principles upon which this nation was founded."

Popular idea. In the abstract, the notion of restraining—or at least reshaping—the Government is a popular idea these days even with many liberal Democrats, who have scented the same political winds as Ford. What is more, the President's conservative budget will certainly help him against the conservative Reagan. But it is also certain to embroil him in sharp battles with Congress.

In terms of specific issues, Ford took the calculated gamble that while jobs are a burning concern, most Americans are even more worried about reducing the rate of inflation. But Ford had to do more than settle on a budget that was austere enough to fight inflation, which he predicted would drop from an average of 9.1% in 1975 to 6.3% in 1976. He had to make sure that it was not so restrictive that it aborted the economy's recovery. The President settled on a total of \$394.2 billion for fiscal 1977, up only 5.5%, compared with the jump of 15% this year. Ford's budget would produce a deficit of \$43 billion, compared with this year's figure of \$76 billion.

Economists clashed over whether Ford's budget was too restrictive (see following story). Actually, the budget was up \$21 billion from the current year's record total. Yet inflation and the nat-

ural momentum of existing programs would have sent it soaring by \$50 billion if Ford had not proposed reducing the growth of a number of Government activities.

SOCIAL SERVICES. About \$14 billion of the reductions would come out of social programs. For example, child-nutrition programs would be cut by \$900 million. Eligibility requirements for food stamps would be made stricter, saving \$1.2 billion. Viet Nam veterans and those now in the service would have their education benefits cut back.

Ford would hold the growth of Medicare expenditures to \$2.2 billion, half of the projected growth. Patients receiving regular Medicare services would have to pay somewhat higher fees. But to ease the burden of what he called "catastrophic" illnesses, Ford also proposed a plan to make beneficiaries pay no more than \$250 in doctors' bills and \$500 in hospital and nursing-home bills in one year.

Other major issues:

JOBS. Potentially the most controversial aspect of Ford's tight-fisted budget was the fact that it made no all-out effort to ease unemployment. The President asked for only \$1.7 billion to continue a \$2.5 billion public service program that had created 330,000 jobs, and he would allow even these to be phased out beginning next January. The Administration's economists figured that the average unemployment rate of 8.5% in 1975 would drop only to 7.7% in the election year of 1976, which would surely give the Democrats a strong issue.

DEFENSE. Ford suggested ways of saving about \$4 billion in the military by various small economies. But he urged Congress to allow the military to spend \$101.1 billion in fiscal 1977.



GEORGE THE 3D



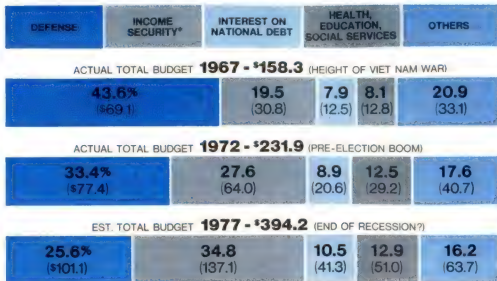
WRIGHT



1976, The American and Foreign Editions

CHANGING BUDGET PATTERNS

BILLIONS OF DOLLARS



*INCL. SOCIAL SECURITY, UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE AND PUBLIC ASSISTANCE

TIME Chart/The Chartmakers Inc.

an \$8.3 billion jump over this year's anticipated figure. Ford said that the budget included all of the programs that former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger had recommended before he was fired last November in the Cabinet shake-up.

TAXES. In an election year, Ford recommended an additional \$10 billion income tax cut—about \$2.7 billion for business and the rest for individuals. One suggestion: raising the personal exemption from \$750 to \$1,000. But he also urged an increase in Social Security taxes that would boost the maximum payment by an individual from \$895.05 this year to \$1,014.75 in 1977. People earning \$16,500 or more in 1977 would pay the maximum rate. The new Social Security tax would raise \$3.3 billion in fiscal 1977. This and other tax increases would reduce the impact of Ford's proposed income tax cuts to \$4.3 billion.

To reply to Ford's proposals, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield picked Maine's Senator Edmund Muskie. He gave a low-keyed, cautiously middle-of-the-road critique of the President's budget, offering no specific new programs as alternatives. He told a national TV audience that Ford's plans for the economy were "penny-wise and pound-foolish"—that much more should be done to raise production and create jobs. "The President says we cannot afford to help Americans find work," declared Muskie. "I say we cannot as taxpayers afford not to."

The avowed Democratic candidates were less restrained. Senator Henry Jackson called Ford's budget a promise of "guaranteed joblessness and continued high unemployment." Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana said it was "a cruel po-

litical hoax." Noting that Ford's cuts came in social programs while his increases were in defense, Arizona's Congressman Morris Udall snapped: "He's got his priorities mixed up!"

As the second session of the 94th Congress got down to serious business, the Democratic leadership in the House made plans to carry the fight directly to Ford on the issue of jobs. Within a fortnight, the Democrats hope to pass three bills that, they claim, would create work for 1.4 million people.

The Democratic Congress is not likely to cut social programs, at least not as deeply as Ford is urging. Nor is Congress expected to regroup these programs into big packages—known as "block grants"—and hand them over to the states to be administered as the Governors see fit. Neither is Congress likely to increase Social Security taxes by as much as Ford proposes, give the Pentagon all that Ford is asking, or raise fees for Medicare patients. The prospect is for a series of fights between Congress and the President, with election-year realities forcing Ford to back off a bit as the months go by. Indeed, some Democrats on the Hill estimate that the final budget might go as high as \$420 billion, which is about where the liberal economists would like to see it.

But all that lies ahead, and last week Jerry Ford seemed to be confident that he could take on anyone and win. To show he was in command, Ford personally briefed the press on his budget—the first President to do so since Harry Truman (see story following page).

The latest Gallup poll shows Ford leading Reagan among Republican voters by 53% to 42%. In mid-December the two men were tied; in November,

following Ford's abrupt shakeup of his Cabinet and Reagan's announcement of his candidacy, the former California Governor led, 40% to 32%, in a field of ten.

Ford's optimism was particularly evident during an interview with a delegation of seven editors and newsmen from New Hampshire, where he will be running head-to-head against Reagan in the nation's first primary, on Feb. 24. After repeated prodding, the President ticked off the names of eight men as being "fully qualified" to be his running mate in November: Commerce Secretary-designate Elliot Richardson; Senators Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, Charles Percy of Illinois, and Howard Baker and William Brock of Tennessee; and Governors Daniel Evans of Washington, Robert Ray of Iowa and Christopher Dodd of Missouri.

But perhaps the surest measure of Ford's new confidence is that he is finally learning how to exploit the fact that he is, after all, an incumbent President. Except for occasional forays into the primary states, he intends to stay in Washington and make news there, setting himself apart from all the other candidates. "He's the only one making the hard decisions," says an aide. "Nobody else is closing military bases or calling for a rise in Social Security taxes."

Morale Rise. Ford fully intends to use the White House as a pulpit, speaking out on the issues, seeking to establish himself in the mind of the public as a competent and determined chief executive. There is a noticeable rise in morale around the White House these days, and it extends right into the Oval Office. Says one of Ford's top advisers: "He feels the momentum is with him."

Ford's Budget: Too Tight? Just Right?

Will President Ford's budget help the recovery? Or slow it? Or something in between? The nation's leading economists, who failed as a group to predict the nature of the recession or anticipate its depth, immediately—and predictably—differed on the answers.

There was a consensus among the economists, however, that whatever is done about the budget will have little effect on the recovery this year. There was also general agreement with Ford's estimate that real output will expand about 6.2% this year, compared to a 2%

dip last year. But the economists are worried—and sharply at odds with one another—about the impact of the budget and its \$43 billion deficit (down from \$76 billion in fiscal 1976) in 1977 and beyond.

Joseph Pechman, a member of TIME's Board of Economists who is on leave from the Brookings Institution, accepts the need for some tightfistedness but thinks that Ford's budget goes much too far. Says he: "It's terrible. I don't think the economy can stand it. It's too drastic a change too early. I just don't

think we should turn around so fast." Pechman also criticizes Ford's proposal to allow individuals to defer paying taxes on funds invested in certain stock plans. The economist argues that the idea—"an outrage"—would not increase investment and would do little for people making under \$15,000.

Arthur Okun, also a member of TIME's Board and a senior fellow at Brookings, feels that the economy should be restrained somewhat, but not nearly as drastically as Ford recommends. Okun's prescription: either scrap the \$394.2 billion ceiling, allow spending to rise to \$407 billion or so and keep the proposed \$10 billion tax cut, or drop

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Beyond the Facts & Figures

"I am the first to admit that I am no great orator or no person that got where I have gotten by any William Jennings Bryan technique," Jerry Ford said a few days ago, proving his point even as he spoke. Then he proved it even more convincingly in his State of the Union address, with its ranks of square, gray sentences marching by.

Ford's sallies into international diplomacy have been marred by little things like tripping on the airplane ramp in Salzburg, or finding himself yucking it up with a geisha named Honorable Treasure Pleasure in Japan while the U.S. stock market plummeted and Chrysler Corp. announced it was closing five plants. His relentless political assault on the American people last fall is now regarded by almost every opinion analyst as a major factor in his year-end decline in the polls.

But last week he may have found his format. Of all things, it was the budget. He walked through its corridors of forbidding figures with brisk confidence. He expertly handled hours of briefings for officials and newsmen. He rarely had to refer to his notes or call on his aides. Ford not only knew his budget, he felt it, found romance in the balance sheets. There was a kind of board-room eloquence about the President in this environment, moving from table to chart, talking of dollars and sense. Even those who disagree philosophically with Ford admitted that he had done a masterly job of presenting his case. One old budget bureaucrat who has seen Presidents come and go said, "God, but he is good at this."

Richard Nixon got angry when he was burdened with too many budget details and fired his budget director, Robert Mayo. Lyndon Johnson used to glare over as his budget was discussed, reviving only to query bizarre items like the crotch size in the Air Force uniform trousers. Ford not only put the figures together; it is plain to almost anyone who reads the budget documents that here is a splendid profile of Ford himself, a statement of his personal and political philosophy.

The budget is the boiler room of Government. It is not beyond belief that Ford might choose to stay down there trying to make things work, the way he has drawn the plans. If he were to do that, he might not only shore up his sagging presidency but also present his strongest political side to the public.

It is a middle-class budget. Ford made no bones about that in his hundreds of hours of meetings with men like

Jim Lynn and Paul O'Neill of the Office of Management and Budget. Feet on the desk, sometimes in the Oval Office, sometimes in the study, he puffed his pipe and scratched away with his left-tipped pen. "I don't want to take anything away from the people who need it," he said about his tax proposals, "but if I have anything to give, I want to give it to the middle-income people." He believes the burdens of our society have grown disproportionately heavy for those in that bracket.

To the extent that Ford ever registers shock over anything on his benign face, he did when O'Neill told him there were 700,000 children below the poverty line who could not qualify for school lunches. Yet Lynn's kids at Bethesda's high-income Walt Whitman High School got a 23¢ subsidy for each meal at school. Ford ordered his proposal to cut aid for those who can pay and target it for the destitute.

His tax break for those buying stock rises from his belief in the old American axiom that everybody ought to own a piece of the country. More Americans, Ford mused, ought to understand the rewards of ownership—and the risks.

The President's proposal to raise Medicare costs for all participants but provide protection from catastrophic illness has been in Ford's middle-American mind for a long time. The fear of major illness, Ford told his people, is not only held by the old folks. It is also a specter to their children, who must assume such burdens just at a time when their own families need the most help.

Between the terse, simple sentences, a careful reader can find even more of Ford's soul. He has suggested a line where Government responsibility should end, family responsibility begin. He has described where he believes basic support should be provided for those who cannot make it on their own, but he also has declared that beyond this point, the competitive instincts of free men and women should carry them as far as their ability will allow.

FORD BRIEFING MAYORS & GOVERNORS ON BUDGET AT THE WHITE HOUSE



THE NATION

the tax cut and let spending increase to around \$417 billion.

In any event, Okun opposes Ford's proposal to raise Social Security taxes on the grounds that it is "regressive," meaning that proportionately the increase would hit low-income earners more severely than the well paid. The liberals also fault the President for wanting to eliminate the "earned income credit" that allowed low-income families with children to deduct as much as \$400 from their income taxes.

Critical Point. The more conservative economists on TIME's Board feel Ford is just about on target. "I feel comfortable about the move," says Murray Weidenbaum of Washington University. Argues Beryl Sprinkel of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank: "We are devoting 40% of our national income to Government, and that's too high. High spending means high taxes, and that means less left for the private sector."

Helping the private sector is one of President Ford's primary aims. "We are at a critical point in our history," says the President, "a point where we can either allow federal spending and federal deficits to mushroom, or we can decide to restrain the growth of federal spending and restore the vitality of our private economy."

Ford believes that a tight budget is necessary this year chiefly for two reasons: its direct effects and as a kind of symbol to persuade Americans that Washington is willing to do what is necessary to wrestle spending under control. In three years' time, says Ford, his tough approach could produce the first balanced budget since fiscal 1969. Unless they take a tough stand now, Ford and his top aides fear the budget will grow with a runaway momentum in the next two years and will help spark a new burst of inflation.

PARTICIPANTS IN PRECINCT CAUCUS CAST THEIR VOTES IN DES MOINES

POLITICS

Iowa: The Winnowing Begins

Day after day, the Democratic presidential hopefuls crisscrossed the frozen cornland by auto, plane and camper. In sub-zero weather, they grasped outstretched hands at street corners and factory gates. They flooded the mails with thousands of pieces of literature and they saturated the air waves with radio and TV spots. The prize hardly seemed worth the effort: Iowa would send a mere 47 delegates to the national convention out of a total of 3,008. But as the curtain raiser on the nominating

process, the Iowa precinct caucuses stood to give one candidate a publicity bonanza and a jump on his rivals.

That is largely what happened. Of some 45,000 Democrats who turned out to vote at the precincts, the biggest bloc went to "uncommitted"—and one party professional wondered: "Is this a vote for Hubert H. Undecided?" Except for that, Iowa proved a significant victory for former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter (see story page 17). He won 27.6% of the vote, or the potential equivalent of 13 convention delegates. His closest rival, Indiana's Senator Birch Bayh, won 13.1%.

Carter, 51, campaigned longest and hardest of all the candidates. By last September, his organization was set up, and it was steadily reinforced by volunteers, including out-of-state supporters and the candidate's two sons, Chip, 25, and Jack, 28. Above all, Carter knew how to appeal to the Iowa voter. He presented himself as a plain-spoken peanut farmer and small businessman who wanted to go to Washington to set things straight. "He understood Iowa," says state Democratic Party Chairman Tom Whitney. "It's a rural state where word of mouth is still the foremost way to communicate. What someone says in Dubuque will be repeated three days later in Council Bluffs."

Ever smiling, Jimmy gave his home phone number in Plains, Ga., to folks who asked for it. If he happened to be home when they called, it would be he who answered the phone—not a secretary or an aide.

No Comfort. He was also helped by the emergence of an inflammatory issue. The Iowa Catholic Conference sent out a newsletter suggesting that Carter would support a constitutional amendment against abortion. In fact, Carter is on the record as having opposed such an amendment, but he managed to fudge the issue by saying he would favor a "national statute" limiting abortion. His ambiguous position won him the support of Right-to-Lifers at many precinct meetings. In heavily Catholic Carroll County, he overwhelmed Roman Catholic Sargent Shriver by 47% to 3%.

The other candidates could not take much comfort from Iowa. Bayh's labor support was not as strong as it might have been because Carter cut into it. A large segment of the United Auto Work-



Carlton: Lower than low

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for other top brands that call themselves "low" in tar.

	tar, nicotine, mg/cig mg/cig	
Brand D (Filter)	14	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	4	0.3
Carlton Menthol	4	0.3

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
*1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



No wonder Carlton is fastest growing of the top 25.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report: Nov. '75.

The truth about The Blue Ridge Project

-in contrast to the abridged and biased version

The welfare of this entire nation is endangered by an energy shortage. The White House has ordered the development of all our energy resources-and Departments of Government are trying to do just that, in keeping with environmental standards. No selfish group which stands in the way can remain unchallenged-be they privileged elitists or a prejudiced press.

To help break away from the tyranny of a band of sheiks, Washington has called for the development of additional sites for the production of hydroelectric power, i.e., the generation of electricity by water power.

There are very, very few remaining in America.

There is one excellent, undeveloped site on a segment of the New River—a river that runs through West Virginia, Virginia and North Carolina—where we propose to develop the Blue Ridge Project.

This segment is not without some attractiveness. However, it is paralleled by 118 miles of highway, crossed by 47 bridges, contains two dams and nests two large industrial plants.

While the river is clear and unpolluted, it is not particularly biologically productive. Little recreational use is made of it, though it is easily accessible.

These are some of the reasons why the U.S. Department of the Interior could not propose the New River as "wild and scenic" when, in the mid 1960's it searched the country over for any which could possibly qualify under the law—in fact, stretched its list to accommodate 650 such rivers.

The New in North Carolina was not one. Essentially, all that would be needed to have the New River contribute to America's critically needed energy supply would be two large dams. Behind them would be created two beautiful lakes in a lovely mountainous setting.

Surrounding them would be new State parks, and other recreational facilities, far surpassing in aesthetics and value the present, limited accommodations.

As far back as 1962... 13 long years ago... Appalachian Power Company, part of the AEP System, began investigating the possibilities of a hydro and pumped storage project, and applied for a license in 1965.

Then the Federal Power Commission—a body of experts expressly created by the U.S. Congress to investigate and decide such matters—went to work.

Its hearings were open to everyone from anywhere.

Though this was really a Virginia project, with all of the structures located there and only 1/5 of the lakes in North Carolina, absolutely no one with any interest... from the slight to the profound... was prevented from intervening in the proceeding.

Pro and con, they came in droves.

In over nine years of work the FPC expended 40,000 man hours and amassed 7,500 pages of sworn testimony—all subject to cross-examination.

Again and again it reopened the proceedings to hear from environmentalists and conservationists, the Department of Defense, U.S. Senators, the Izaak Walton League, the Interior Department, groups of private citizens, the Environmental Protection Agency, three State Governments, Highway Departments, private industry, two Farm Bureaus, county executives, and ecologists.

The Project was designed, revised and modified to assure a minimum of adverse impact and a maximum of benefit to the air, the water, and the people.

Every conceivable alternative... in-

cluding no hydroelectric plant at all... was studied to exhaustion. None better was found to exist.

Three different times the Presiding Administrative Law Judge, with no personal attachment of any kind, recommended licensing. Only to have the FPC reopen the case again—particularly for environmental matters. Only to have it conclude that the adverse effects would be "more than balanced by the environmental benefits created".

Finally, the Commission found... unanimously... that the proposed 1,800,000 kilowatt Blue Ridge Project, estimated in 1973 to cost \$430 million, is badly needed to help satisfy the power demands of the 1980's.

Blue Ridge:

- will conserve our national resources by consuming no oil and gas.
- will provide emergency reserve power for the East Central region of the United States.
- will provide 160,000 acre-feet of flood control capacity—endorsed by the U.S. Corps of Engineers—where none exists today.
- will assure water benefits downstream where, to improve recreation and fishing, the river flow is periodically in need of augmentation.
- will vastly increase the recreational potential of the area, turning it into one of the most appealing sites in the East.
- will facilitate the economic development of depressed Appalachia.
- will consume less fuel than any avail-

American Electric

2 Broadway,

editorialized by a responsible press.

able alternative means of generation. No project with these monumental benefits to so many is ever without some degree of impact on some individual families. Evidence those displaced by Federal highways, bridges, tunnels and military installations.

So, to minimize or eliminate any hardship to the 586 families affected by the Project, we willingly offered to do the following:

- ... pay fully for their present holdings.
- ... pay for a relocation advisory service.
- ... pay for their new dwellings.
- ... pay all increased interest rates.
- ... pay closing costs.
- ... pay for their moving.
- ... pay for any loss in personal property.

And we will periodically report the success of our efforts to the FPC.

And so, a license was granted—effective January 2, 1975.

The sum of the benefits to the American people was so demonstrably great that the Blue Ridge Project won the support of the States of Virginia and West Virginia, the Federal Power Commission, the Federal Energy Administration and for six long years ('67 to '73)—until a mysterious reversal—the State of North Carolina.

Many North Carolinians fully favor the project.

But, it is not welcomed by an affluent few. They shudder at the thought of intrusion by outsiders.

They have decided to resist the needs of this nation . . . to ignore the President's call . . . and to save the privileged status quo by killing the Blue Ridge Project.

Twice they tried in the U.S. Congress. Once with a rider on the Rivers and Harbors Bill.

They failed.

Once they actually tried to have this tame, this bridged and dammed river-along-the-highway made a component of the untouchable National Wild and Scenic Rivers System . . . a flagrant perversion of an Act of Congress. They failed.

Ironically, not one word of criticism of these actions appeared in the press.

And now . . . THE STING!

Although the people of North Carolina will benefit substantially from a strengthened power supply, our gift of 3,900 acres hand-picked by North Carolina for a lake-front State park, recreational facilities valued in the millions, and participation in a construction payroll of over \$125,000,000 . . . the influential elitists are about to eucure them out of it with a tricky scheme.

Incredibly, North Carolina officials would circumvent the U.S. Congress by having a *limited stretch* of the New River incorporated into the National Wild and Scenic Rivers System . . . by administrative decree.

Just enough of a stretch to block Blue Ridge!

One editorialist took the bait.

He published the elitist pap that the Blue Ridge Project would contribute to the energy shortage(!) and asked Interior Secretary Thomas S. Kleppe to participate by using "bureaucratic resolve" in naming this river wild and scenic.

One might have expected pause, reflection and even the asking of a few penetrating questions about benefits to the people . . . and to the nation.

And now it looks as though *The New York Times* has been taken in, too.

Its editorial, orchestrated on the same theme, is a classic example of what every cub should avoid:

1. It breathes nary a word about energy shortage or President's mandate, but derides a needed hydroelectric project.
2. It writes no syllable about the 13 years of study or the 7,500 pages of sworn testimony, but hands down its own ill-founded judgement.
3. It calls the Blue Ridge lakes "ugly reservoirs", but avoids the experts' words that they'd be areas of great beauty.
4. It speaks of environmental "enormity", but not of the Commission's conclusion that the detriments are more than balanced by all the environmental

benefits.

5. It cites "severe economic problems", but not the great economic gains due to parks and recreational—residential—commercial complexes where there is now only a depressed area.

6. It talks of "drown"ing the land, but not of scenic lakes, boating, or fishing.

7. It points to "displacing close to 3,000 people", but not that they'll be fully cared for and repaid.

8. It chortles over the North Carolina Assembly vote to put the New in the scenic rivers system, but never once asks, "who could have influenced such a vote when many people in the project area have stated they emphatically oppose any such designation . . . and especially since the net effects of Blue Ridge on North Carolina will be beneficial?"

9. It writes of "costly surplus energy" rather than of needed power more economically generated than by any other available method.

10. It talks of "alternative sources", but not that those alternative sources were studied to exhaustion and found unacceptable.

11. It cries out that the river will be "sac-rificed", but not that the Commission stated the river will not be eliminated; 150 of its 220 miles will remain in its free-flowing state.

12. Finally, it succumbs to asking Secretary Kleppe to take part in the scheme by incorporating the New River into the Federal system, without mentioning that it is not—as it must be—primitive and inaccessible. Nor that it will be far more recreational, and more scenic for more people under the Blue Ridge Project.

We find this unbalanced journalistic presentation outrageous.

We find this biased attempt to influence a newly appointed Secretary distasteful.

The whole truth—in case some have forgotten—is fit to print.

Power Company, Inc.

N.Y., N.Y. 10004

**If you like beautiful faces
as much as beautiful figures,
you belong in a 1976 Pontiac.**



Sunbird: 35 mpg Highway/22 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the available
140-cu.-in. 2-bbl. L-4 engine and manual transmission.



Astro: 35 mpg Highway/22 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the available
140-cu.-in. 2-bbl. L-4 engine and manual transmission.



LeMans: 25 mpg Highway/17 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the standard
250-cu.-in. 1-bbl. L-6 engine and manual transmission.



Ventura: 25 mpg Highway/17 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the standard
250-cu.-in. 1-bbl. L-6 engine and manual transmission.



Bonneville: 19 mpg Highway/13 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the standard 400-cu.-in.
2-bbl. V-8 engine and Turbo Hydra-matic transmission.



Firebird: 25 mpg Highway/17 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the standard
250-cu.-in. 1-bbl. L-6 engine and manual transmission.



Grand Prix SJ: 20 mpg Highway/15 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the standard 400-cu.-in.
4-bbl. V-8 engine and Turbo Hydra-matic transmission.

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The Mark of Great Cars

All figures are from the 1976 EPA Gas Mileage Guide. These figures are only estimates. The mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. In California, see your Pontiac dealer for EPA mileage figures and engine/transmission combinations available on California emission-equipped cars.



ers in Iowa backed Jimmy. Bayh also waited too long to start organizing and campaigning. "Our problem was too little too late," said Bayh's Iowa campaign manager, Dick Sykes.

With 9.9% of the vote, former Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris did about as well as expected, though he professed to be elated. "Iowa started the winnowing-out process," he said, "and we've been winnowed in." His vote suggested that he enjoys a hard-core support on the left that will stick with

him as long as he is in the race.

For Arizona Congressman Morris Udall, Iowa was a near disaster. Unable to set himself apart from his rivals, he remained an unfocused candidate—and largely unknown. Mo won a scant 5.9% of the vote. For Shriver, Iowa was even more of a disaster. With the Catholic vote lost to Carter, he garnered 3.3% of the vote. Though he was not involved in the Iowa caucuses, former North Carolina Governor Terry Sanford withdrew from the presidential race last week, cit-

ing trouble raising funds and the "ordeal of running a campaign."

Carter clearly has the momentum and the psychological advantage. But he is also acquiring the problems of the front runner. His rivals are going to start pressing him on the issues, particularly abortion. He will no longer be allowed to make vague statements about reducing 1,900 federal agencies to 200 without getting into specifics. Every item of his record as Governor will be scrutinized for flaws, and he will turn out to

Carter and His Critics

Any presidential candidate who seems to be breaking ahead of the pack is bound to come under fire. That has been happening lately to Jimmy Carter, who has been getting an increasingly critical press. Carter last week discussed specific complaints against him in interviews with TIME Senior Editor Marshall Loeb and Washington Correspondent Stanley Cloud. Some of the charges, and Carter's replies:

Carter, now a caustic critic of Alabama Governor George Wallace, once promised to nominate Wallace at the 1972 Democratic National Convention.

"I never promised to nominate him and I never came close to doing so," Carter insists. "I did receive a letter from Wallace in 1972, asking if I would second his nomination at the convention, but I wrote him back and told him I would not do so."

Carter appealed to the segregationist vote when he ran for Governor in 1970 by making friendly gestures toward arch-segregationist Lester Maddox, then a candidate for Lieutenant Governor on the same Democratic ticket.

"Lester and I have always been bitter political enemies," says Carter. "We were nominated in 1970 by the same Democratic voters, so we gave each other mutual support. I said, 'I'm supporting the ticket, with Lester on it.' I said, 'I'm proud to be on the ticket with Lester because his campaign style—not depending on powerful politicians for endorsements—was compatible with mine.' I said his inclination to campaign directly with the people, in the streets, in the factories, in the barber shops and beauty parlors, represents the essence of the Democratic party. If I had disavowed my running mate, it would have weakened the ticket substantially."

Carter is really a disguised segregationist.

"In 1970 I was the only candidate in the entire group of maybe 15 or 20 who were

running for Lieutenant Governor and Governor of Georgia who meticulously campaigned in both the black and white communities of every city and town. I said that the South, although it is conservative, is not racist, that there is no place for racism, and that we should recognize the changing times that are on us."

(In Washington, Georgia Congressman Andrew Young, a black, insists: "Jimmy Carter is not and never has been guilty of the kind of implied racism of these charges. He is one of the finest products of a most misunderstood region of our nation.")

Carter has listed George Ball and Wilbur Cohen as people he regularly consults on public policy, but in fact has never sought their advice.

Carter concedes that he made an "inadvertent error" in overstating the relationship. He has, in fact, asked both men if he could consult them but so far neither he nor his staff has done so. (In London, George Ball confirmed that he

had made "a genuine offer to advise and counsel Carter on foreign policy" after the two had a long discussion last autumn. Ball said the offer still stands.)

Carter has claimed that he was influential in developing a voluntary school busing plan to achieve racial integration in Atlanta, but played no role at all.

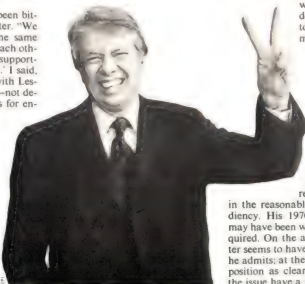
"What I did, primarily, was let my staff attend and monitor the meetings at which the plan evolved," Carter explains. "I issued a public expression of full support for whatever plan would be evolved. I pledged the state's participation in the costs. At a critical stage in the negotiations, I went as Governor to give my reassurance." (In Atlanta, three of the major participants in the negotiations confirmed Carter's version.)

Carter skillfully exploited the abortion issue in Iowa to retain both pro- and anti-abortion support.

Publicly, Carter said in Iowa that he could not support any of the current anti-abortion constitutional amendments, though he suggested vaguely he could support a "national statute" that might limit abortion, a position which misled some voters and which he has since abandoned. He concedes that he told one woman at an Iowa meeting that he could possibly back some other, unspecified type of anti-abortion amendment. He told TIME that he is against abortion except in the first 13 weeks of pregnancy, a period in which "I would not want to interfere with the right of a woman to make that decision."

Overall, Carter's rebuttal to his critics sounds reasonable—or at least with-

in the reasonable bounds of political expediency. His 1970 endorsement of Maddox may have been warmer than the situation required. On the abortion issue in Iowa, Carter seems to have been more contriving than he admits; at the least, he failed to make his position as clear as those on both sides of the issue have a right to expect from a presidential candidate.



JIMMY CARTER AFTER VICTORY IN IOWA

THE NATION

have his share of them. Liberals, especially, have begun to question his positions. They are skeptical of his convictions and ready to paint him into a conservative corner. The candidate is braced for the onslaught. "The only way to avoid that kind of attack," he shrugs, "is to lose."

Unlike the Democrats, most low Republicans were not called upon to express a preference for a candidate at their precinct caucuses. But a straw poll of 583 voters—in 2.5% of all the precincts—was taken at 62 precincts. President Ford was favored over Ronald Reagan by a mere 45% to 42.5%. It appeared to be a setback for the President, who had the backing of popular Republican Governor Robert Ray.

Until last week the President's campaign staff had counted on strong Midwestern support for Ford even if he loses in the early primaries in New Hampshire, Florida and North Carolina. Now that strategy has been put in doubt.

POLITICAL NOTES

Unconventional Wisdom

In any election year, the conventional political wisdom often proves to be neither conventional nor wise. Herewith a random test:

► Which presidential candidate is clumsiest? No, it is not necessarily Gerald Ford. Ronald Reagan slipped off a snowbank in New Hampshire, but no photographer snapped his fall. Occasionally, Reagan has bumped his head with hardly anyone noticing; more frequently (and noticeably), he has also been known to put his foot in his mouth.

► Who is the favorite candidate in the seven Southeastern states (North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee)?

see? No, it is not George Wallace. It is Ronald Reagan.

► Well, then, Wallace is second choice in this area, right? Wrong. Gerald Ford is. A poll of 601 eligible voters, including Democrats, Republicans and Independents, conducted by Darden Research Corp., showed Reagan was favored by 20%, Ford by 18% and Wallace by 12%. No one else got more than Hubert Humphrey's 3.7%.

Flank Assault

Few politicians are willing to take on Virginia's Senator Harry Flood Byrd Jr. Byrd is running as an independent. No Republican is challenging him, and several Democrats have dropped out. That leaves the field open to Admiral Elmo Russell Zumwalt Jr. (ret.), former Chief of Naval Operations, who will announce his candidacy on the Democratic ticket in a few weeks.

The race will pit a formidable family dynasty against a brilliant and outspoken military man. Zumwalt, 55, was

CONGRESS

The Big-Mouth Problems

"Once the dust has settled and the CIA is no longer Page One news, many members are likely to lose interest. Closed-door meetings don't allow Congressmen to make speeches or issue press releases or titillate their constituents with inside stories." So argues Democratic Representative Les Aspin of Wisconsin. His cynical point is that a congressional committee to oversee CIA operations would be a washout in five years because its members would lose their enthusiasm as soon as the CIA was no longer a big story.

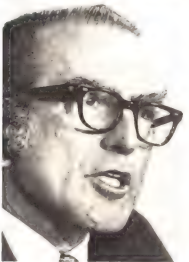
Aspin may be right, but last week the CIA was Page One news practically every day, thanks to a steady flow of leaks, apparently from members and staff of the House Intelligence Committee. The committee is scheduled to issue by next week a report on its six-month investigation of the CIA—but there may not be much left to reveal by then. Bits and pieces of the 340-page report were leaked to newsmen. Among the disclosures:

► In the late '50s, trying to sour Indonesia's late President Sukarno on the Soviet Union, the CIA produced a film purporting to show him engaging in sexual relations with a woman in Moscow—and planned to pass off the movie as a KGB blackmail attempt. Before the film could be circulated in Indonesia, however, the CIA had second thoughts and canceled the dirty trick.

► Though the Ford Administration valued at \$32 million the military aid supplied by the CIA to anti-Soviet factions in Angola, the report charges that it was really worth much more. High Administration officials called the accusation a bum rap, insisting that 45-cal. pistols were valued as low as \$5 apiece and .30-cal. semiautomatic carbines as low as \$7.55 because they were World War II surplus, and have drastically depreciated.

► Soon after U.S. Ambassador to Cyprus Rodger P. Davies was assassinated in Nicosia in 1974, U.S. intelligence officials reported the killers' identity to high Cypriot officials, but the assassins are still serving in the Cypriot government security forces. Officials of both the CIA and the State Department denied the story, saying the U.S. does not know who killed Davies.

► The CIA last year had eleven agents clandestinely collecting intelligence overseas while posing as journalists for U.S. and foreign news organizations. A somewhat similar disclosure was made by former ABC Correspondent Sam Jaffe, who has admitted that he reported regularly to the FBI while covering the United Nations in the late



SENATORIAL CANDIDATE ZUMWALT

the youngest CNO ever, helped humanize the service and raised its re-enlistment rate from 9.5% to 30%.

Zumwalt has been making news not by lambasting Byrd but by launching a flanking attack on a personal target—Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. He accuses Kissinger of "lying in his teeth" when the Secretary soft-pedaled violations of nuclear arms agreements by the U.S.S.R., of running "a secret, Metetrichian policy that seeks to mislead, not to lead, and of 'creating peace in our time by pushing disaster into our children's future.'" The Admiral's assault seems an odd political tactic since Byrd, also a supporter of the Pentagon, has not taken any stand for or against Kissinger's policies. Nevertheless, veteran Virginia politicians give Zumwalt a slim fighting chance to upset Byrd.



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DISARMAMENT

Trying to Lower The Ceiling

From the moment Henry Kissinger arrived at the Kremlin last week, it was obvious that his visit would not exactly be a love feast. In his latest negotiations with Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, the Secretary of State was seeking a breakthrough that would end the Soviet involvement in Angola and get the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks moving again. At their first meeting, a jovial and healthy-looking Brezhnev declared: "The main subject is the achievement of a new SALT agreement." When an American reporter asked if Angola would also be discussed, Brezhnev replied with a shrug: "For me there is nothing to talk about on Angola. Angola isn't my country, after all." Kissinger interjected: "It will certainly be discussed." Said Brezhnev with a grin: "You discuss it with [State Department Counsellor Helmut] Sonnenfeldt."

Public Putdown. The wisecrack was an extraordinary bit of pre-negotiation banter and an embarrassingly public putdown of Kissinger. Still, after eight hours of bargaining with Brezhnev across a felt-topped table and another four hours of talks with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, Kissinger left Moscow with something to show for his journey.

American officials said that Kissinger had used "brutal" terms in warning Brezhnev that Soviet backing of the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola was endangering détente. The officials refused to say what, if anything, Kissinger extracted from the Soviet leader on the Angola situation. Perhaps significantly, however, they said that the U.S. will watch closely in the coming weeks to see if the Soviet leaders exert

1950s and Moscow in 1961-65. He claimed to have been told that the CIA once drew up a list of 40 to 200 journalists who had cooperated with the agency. The claim was denied by the CIA, House and Senate investigators, and two prominent journalists named by Jaffe: Anchorman John Chancellor of NBC and Walter Cronkite of CBS.

A sizable section of the committee's final report—also leaked—faults Secretary of State Henry Kissinger for overriding the objections of CIA and State Department experts to covert operations in Angola and Italy. Kissinger is further berated, to the extent of 80 or so pages, for trying to withhold secret information from the committee—in part because he feared it might be leaked.

Public Secrets. The week of leaks helped focus the secrecy problem as the Senate Government Operations Committee opened hearings on how to improve congressional oversight of the CIA. The Administration favors a single joint committee if only because separate House and Senate committees would double the likelihood of leaks. But congressional leaders argue that oversight might be improved if two committees were in competition.

Idaho Democrat Frank Church, who heads the Senate Intelligence Committee, insisted that a congressional oversight committee must have the right to make public CIA secrets, upon a majority vote.

The Administration seems willing to keep the committees informed of CIA activities. Indeed, Ford will pledge such cooperation in a message on intelligence to Congress within the next few weeks. He will also issue a series of Executive orders that, among other things, will forbid the CIA to spy on Americans, except in defined cases involving the agen-

cy's own security, and get involved in assassination plots. In turn, the Church committee will propose that the Executive orders be written into law, so they cannot be revoked by a future President.

But the Administration adamantly opposes a proposal by Church and Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield that the oversight committees be notified before the CIA launches a covert operation—not afterward, as is now the case. The change would make it easier for Congress to veto an operation by cutting off funds, as the Senate did last December in the case of Angola. Said one White House aide: "There's a constitutional problem. The Supreme Court has held that the President is the 'sole organ' of foreign affairs. You can't have 535 Secretaries of State. You can't have a practical and so far insoluble problem—those persistent leaks."

BREZHNEV JOKING WITH KISSINGER BEFORE MOSCOW TALKS (AT LEFT, GROMYKO)



THE NATION

pressure on Fidel Castro's Cuba to withdraw any of its 10,000 troops, which have helped the M.P.L.A. gain the upper hand against two U.S.-backed factions (see THE WORLD).

If the Angola situation remained cloudy, a high-ranking U.S. official claimed "a considerable degree of progress" on the SALT talks. Stalled since July, the talks are designed to button up the broad agreement between President Ford and Brezhnev at Vladivostok in November 1974 to limit each side's strategic nuclear weapons to 2,400 long-range bombers and missiles. An unresolved question was how to prevent the Soviets from converting their existing missiles to more powerful models. Details remained secret, but Kissinger and Brezhnev apparently agreed on a way to define "heavy" missiles, thus disposing of that issue.

Possible Compromise. In addition, Kissinger and Brezhnev came up with a possible compromise on the critical question of whether the agreement should apply to two new weapons systems: the U.S. cruise missile and the Soviet Backfire bomber. The Soviets wanted to exempt their bomber, but not the U.S. missiles, from the agreement. To get around this, the U.S. had previously proposed raising the Vladivostok limits to allow both countries to add some of the new weapons to their arsenals. The Soviets rejected this proposal. The new scheme, advanced by Brezhnev, would lower the Vladivostok ceiling by a few hundred; the exact number is secret, but one possibility is to drop the figure to 2,200. In deploying cruise missiles, accordingly, the U.S. would have to stay within this new limit.

At the same time, the Soviet Backfire would not be considered a strategic weapon and would not have to be counted as part of the reduced ceiling, but the Soviets would agree to deploy no more than 200 of the bombers. They would also be required to confine the Backfires' range by not providing any tanker fleet of aircraft to refuel the bombers in mid-air, nor could the new aircraft be based in the Arctic. This arrangement would, in effect, exempt the Backfires from the Vladivostok accord but give the U.S. an indirect way of limiting them.

Some Pentagon critics may regard the proposal as disadvantageous to the U.S. On the other hand, reported TIME Correspondent Strobe Talbott, who accompanied Kissinger to Moscow: "Many respected U.S. SALT experts believe that the Backfire is indeed, as the Soviets claim, a tactical and not a strategic weapon and that Pentagon protestations about its threat to the U.S. are based on phony arguments."

Now Kissinger must sell the proposed agreement to the Pentagon and Congress. If he can do it, Ford and Brezhnev will be free to hold their long-delayed summit in Washington later this year.

MEMOIRS

Humbled Hatchet Man

Of all the men around former President Richard Nixon, probably none was more hated than Chuck Colson, top hatchet man and tireless inventor of dirty tricks. There was a sense of national satisfaction when he pleaded guilty to obstruction of justice and served seven months in jail. Now, in a book to be published in mid-February, Colson, 44, tells how, in embracing evangelical Christianity, he learned the error of his ways—and of his fallen chief's. *Born Again* (Chosen Books, a religious pub-



CHARLES COLSON

A holy war against the enemy.

lisher) is an uncomplaining and contrite testament to the belief, renewed each generation, that power corrupts.

Colson denies that he said he would run over his grandmother for Nixon, but he admits that he might as well have made the remark. His loyalty to Nixon was total. Chief of Staff Bob Haldeman once warned him: "Richard Nixon will use anybody. Remember that. When he doesn't need you, he'll discard you." But Colson thought he was somehow exempt from this treatment.

The Nixon portrayed by Colson is at once arrogant and vindictive, reflective and melancholy, and finally desperate and isolated. He is a man incapable of savoring his triumphs, for beyond them his enemies were still lurking. While his finger slowly circled the rim of a wineglass, Nixon told his aides: "One day we'll get them—we'll get them on the ground where we want them. And we'll stick our heels in, step on them hard and twist." His eyes darted to Kissinger. "Henry knows what I mean—just like you do in the negotiations, Henry—get them on the floor and step

on them, crush them, show no mercy."

Colson reports that he eagerly agreed with Nixon. Kissinger "smiled and nodded," and Haldeman said nothing, but had a look "of hand-rubbing expectation. Only Ehrlichman, expressionless and often a lonely voice of moderation, jerked his head back and stared at the ceiling... A Holy War was declared against the enemy... The seeds of destruction were already sown—not in them but in us."

The Right Thing. For Colson, Nixon was at his best when he seemed to make a decision on principle. When the President ordered all-out bombing after the North Vietnamese offensive in the spring of 1972, Colson warned him that the action might cost him the election. "So what," snapped Nixon. "It's the right thing to do."

After Nixon's re-election, Colson left the White House to practice law. As the Watergate scandal unfolded, he was occasionally summoned to the Oval Office, where he observed a President in alarming decline. Nixon, ironically, feared that his office was being bugged by his enemies (it was his own bugging system that brought him down). "I don't think I can trust anybody, not even the secretaries."

It was about this time that Colson's thoughts, he reports, turned more frequently to God—with the aid of one of the White House's most notorious enemies, former Democratic Senator Harold Hughes. While Colson was in prison, Hughes, Congressman Al Quie and two other members of Colson's prayer group offered to serve out the rest of his term for him on the basis of an old statute they had unearthed. "For the first time," writes Colson, "I felt truly free, even as the fortunes of my life seemed at their lowest ebb."

THE ARMED FORCES

A Fair Deal For Old Hardnose?

"I'd have followed him into the jaws of hell—and had a hard time catching up with him," said an admiring captain. Lieut. General Robert L. Fair is headed for a more prosaic destination, however, and defenders of a tough, no-nonsense, old-style Army are dismayed. As of next week Fair, 52, will retire for "personal reasons"—the most important being that he and his commanding officer hated each other's guts.

When Fair became commander of the Army's 50,000-man V Corps in West Germany last August, it was only a matter of time before he clashed with his boss, General George S. Blanchard, of the U.S. Army's European command. Both men had won their commissions in the same year—1944—but Blanchard got his from West Point, and Fair was a tough, up-from-the-ranks infantryman



PERCY, STEVENS, BUTZ, LEVI & BOORSTIN AGAINST U. OF CHICAGO BACKGROUND; INSET: UNIVERSITY EMBLEM & U.S. SEAL

who had gone on to officers' school.

Though he was an expert in as sophisticated a field as electronic data processing, Fair preferred being known by nicknames like "Old Hardnose" and "Iron General" and demonstrated a fanatic's hatred of long hair, badly pressed uniforms and off-center name tags. Fair told the Army paper *Stars and Stripes*: "You have to reward and punish to get what you want done."

Tough Guy. With some officers, Fair's approach won plaudits. Novelist Josiah Bunting (*The Lionheads*), an ex-major himself, praised Fair's leathery style in a *Playboy* article last fall, describing the general as "an admirable soldier" who is "always in bristling motion." But other officers, whose palms sweat when Fair raked them over with abrasive questions, disliked him intensely. To some enlisted men, Fair was a bush-league General Patton.

Blanchard fretted that Fair's tough-guy approach might reverse the gradual improvement of morale from its post-Viet Nam nadir of racial conflict, drug abuse, alcoholism and boredom. A former commander of the 82nd Airborne Division, Blanchard, 55, is no cream puff either. But by contrast with Fair, he adopted a more relaxed attitude toward his forces, encouraging his troops to take time off, learn German and meet local people. He approached enlisted men as citizens in uniform.

Fair was abruptly relieved of his command early this month—though many corps veterans still believe the wrong general was sacked. Initially, Fair was to have retired with a three-star general's pension—roughly \$38,000 including various emoluments. But some Congressmen raised objections, and the Army retired him at his permanent two-star (major general) rank instead. That will cost the 32-year veteran as much as \$3,000 a year.

WASHINGTON

The Chicago Connection

Official Washington has often seemed to be an employment agency for the Ivy League. Even before Franklin Delano Roosevelt brought down all those bright young men from Harvard, Yale and Princeton, graduates of the Big Three and the other Ivy schools were almost beyond counting in Government. There are still hordes of them around, but after seven years of Republican rule in the White House, so many men and women from the University of Chicago have moved into Government's command structure that Washington has begun to talk about "a University of Chicago Mafia."

Among its most important members: Supreme Court Justice John Paul Stevens. Attorney General Edward Levi. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz (though he only studied at Chicago for a summer en route to a doctorate from Purdue). Solicitor General Robert H. Bork. Presidential Adviser Robert Goldwin and Librarian of Congress Daniel Boorstin. The biggest representation is at the State Department, an almost exclusively Eastern preserve until after World War II. Now Chicago takes credit for the department's No. 2 man, Robert S. Ingersoll, Deputy Secretary of State who was educated at Yale but is a trustee at Chicago, its No. 3 man, Under Secretary for Political Affairs Joseph S. Sisco, at least eight ambassadors, and a dozen top-level assistants to high-ranking officials.

The Chicagoans in the Administration have numerous alumni allies in Congress. Senators Roman Hruska of Nebraska, Gale McGee of Wyoming, Charles Percy of Illinois and Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut. Representatives Abner Mikva of Illinois and Patsy

Mink of Hawaii, and House Parliamentarian William Brown.

Government officials with a Chicago connection range broadly from one end of the political spectrum to the other. Says Gale McGee: "The only school tie that carries over is in conversation at cocktail parties. There's no real affinity." Adds Marcus Raskin, a Chicago alumnus who directs the Institute for Policy Studies, an ultraliberal think tank: "The people from the university literally don't know each other here. Chicago's position was always as an outsider from among the ruling elite of American schools. The people there are highly individualistic, even eccentric, and they see themselves as making it on their own. There's a sense of great arrogance."

Strong Cadre. Nonetheless, the university's impact has been felt in a number of ways. During the Nixon Administration, the President and his top economic advisers embraced the monetarist theories of conservative Chicago Economist Milton Friedman. Chicago Political Scientist Leo Strauss impressed several generations of students with his vision of the general leftward trend of world politics. One of these students was Robert Goldwin, who now serves as President Ford's resident intellectual.

Levi, who was Chicago's president before becoming Attorney General, considers the university to be "underrepresented" in Washington. Says he: "I'm amazed that we have so few." But other members of the Chicago Mafia see the influence spreading. Says Anton de Portie, an alumnus and member of the State Department's policy planning staff: "There's a very large number of alumni in the civil service because they felt that was where the power lay. It's a good strong cadre, and now it's moving into the upper levels of Government." Harvard, take note.



BODIES OF VICTIMS KILLED DURING RIGHTIST ASSAULT ON BEIRUT'S KARANTINA DISTRICT



LEFTIST MOSLEM SOLDIER STANDS GUARD

LEBANON

Time to Choose: Compromise or More War

In the on-and-off Lebanese civil war, it was the worst week ever. The bitter fighting between Christian and Moslem communities, which for nine months had been largely confined to Beirut and a few scattered towns and villages, last week spread with explosive intensity; the death toll since April was pushed to more than 9,000. "A state of total anarchy" was the way a horrified Beirut television announcer described the killings, kidnappings, looting, arson and destruction. The disastrous round of fighting triggered two abortive cease-fire efforts in 24 hours, as well as the proffered resignation—not accepted—of Premier Rashid Karami, a moderate Sunni Moslem, who had been frustrated in his seven-month effort to make peace.

Cease-Fire. What made last week's events especially ominous was the entry of massed regular units of the Palestine Liberation Army into the fighting. Until then, Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization—the P.L.A. is its military arm—had played a moderating role. But as the P.L.A. troops poured in from neighboring Syria, there were widespread fears of a new and broader war. To prevent such a catastrophe, all sides at midweek agreed to another hastily arranged cease-fire—the 23rd in the past four months. At week's end the truce appeared to be taking hold gradually; there was some sporadic gunfire, but the military situation had calmed considerably.

Several previous truce agreements, although usually negotiated in good faith

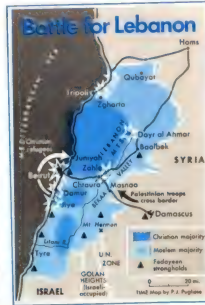
by leaders of the warring factions, collapsed because they were unable to control the loosely organized and undisciplined militia nominally under their command. After the mid-January cease-fire negotiated by Karami (TIME, Jan. 26), for example, rightist forces in the capital, composed mostly of Phalangists, the "Tigers" of the National Liberal Party and neighborhood militiamen, attacked two Moslem slum areas, Karantina and Maslakh. Supported by mortars, recoilless rifles and rockets, the rightists pushed out the defenders last week and then leveled the remaining shanties with bulldozers. Scores of Moslems were killed and at least 6,000 were left homeless. Survivors claimed that there had been a massacre and countless atrocities. "We shall skin them for this," vowed Kamal Jumblatt, head of the leftist Progressive Socialist Party and leader of the country's Druze community.

Infuriated by the attack, Moslem forces struck at Christian communities throughout the country. Amid rightist charges of massacre, they captured the coastal towns of Damur (see box) and Jiye, driving out thousands of Christians.

In northern Lebanon, the leftists overran isolated Christian villages, seizing town halls and looting police stations of arms and ammunition. East of the capital, an estimated 2,000 soldiers of the P.L.A. crossed from Syria into Lebanon's Bekaa Valley. Helping the local militia and other Palestinian units already in the country, they captured Chitaura, a strategic town of 5,000 Chris-

tians on the Beirut-Damascus highway and tightened the siege around Zahlé, the major city in the Bekaa.

As the fighting spread, Interior Minister Camille Chamoun, a leading rightist who was President during the 1958 civil war that saw U.S. Marines land in Lebanon, demanded "an immediate international intervention." He and Phalangist leaders also called for the total mobilization of the Christian community. At the same time, the leftists





OVER CHRISTIANS IN DAMUR



PRISONERS OF PHALANGISTS LINED UP AGAINST A WALL IN KARANTINA DISTRICT

sent sound trucks through the Moslem sections of Beirut, urging the residents to take up arms.

The fighting sent out shock waves throughout the Middle East. Israeli Defense Minister Shimon Peres conspicuously inspected his forces south of the Lebanese border and warned that his country was "unwilling but ready to take care of her own interests" if Syrian troops intervened in Lebanon. Otherwise, the Israelis carefully refrained from words or acts that might have seemed belligerent. Damascus clearly did not want to call Jerusalem's bluff. At the same time, the Syrians felt that they could afford neither 1) to let the leftists and Palestinians in Lebanon be defeated or stalemated by the rightists, nor 2) allow a partition of that country between Christians and Moslems.

Refugee Camps. By allowing the Syrian-trained P.L.A. to enter the fight, Damascus avoided getting directly involved in the civil war but still made it clear to the rightists that the Moslems would not be checkmated on the battlefield, and that the conflict would have to be resolved politically. Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam, accompanied by his country's top military officers, then flew to Beirut to discuss a cease-fire scheme with Lebanese President Suleiman Franjeh, a Maronite Christian who not only had made little effort to end the war, but has been accused of siding with the Christian rightists.

Apparently fearful that the country was disintegrating and that his co-religionists might be badly hurt in further fighting, Franjeh agreed to the Syrian proposal. Under it, the new cease-fire will be supervised by a higher military committee, composed of representatives of the Lebanese and Syr-

'There Will Be No More Forgiving'

Surrounded by lush orange groves and vegetable gardens that stretch from neighboring hills down to the shores of the Mediterranean, the town of Damur lies twelve miles south of Beirut along the coastal highway. Damur is in a mountainous region of Lebanon known as the Chouf. The area is home to two of Lebanon's best-known political leaders, Maronite Christian Camille Chamoun and Druze Kamal Jumblatt. Last week, in retaliation for a rightist Christian attack on a Palestinian refugee camp at Dbayeh, leftist and Druze militiamen, led by fedayeen officers, laid siege to Damur, an important road junction and rightist stronghold. For five days it was shelled by mortars and rockets. TIME Beirut Bureau Chief Karsten Prager visited the town after the shelling and house-to-house fighting ended. His report:

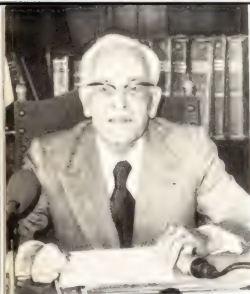
The corpse of a man, already charred and shriveled, was lying face down on the pavement, flames still licking at his back. A few feet away, a flock of tiny songbirds chirped in small wooden cages. "We will save the birds," said a young militiaman from the *Mourabitoun* [garrison] of the leftist Independent Nasserite Movement. Like the corpse, much of the town was burning; flames crackled inside the solidly built houses of what was once a well-to-do community of 28,000, mostly Christians. Smoke wafted over the debris-cluttered streets and rose in a solid sheet that was visible for miles around. A gas tank exploded with a dull thump; an automatic rifle opened fire in the distance.

Except for the militiamen, who were gleeful and voluble in victory, the town was almost empty. Its defenders had retreated southward to regroup. Almost all civilians had fled to nearby Saadiyat, Chamoun's seaside estate, which was also surrounded by leftist troops. Later, a small fleet of yachts and coastal steamers picked up the thousands of refugees and carried them to Juniyah, a large Christian stronghold north of the capital.

The handful of people remaining in Damur stood in a bedraggled group near a church—quiet, anxious, clinging to their few belongings, which they had wrapped in small rugs. The leftists' commander, Abu Musa—a polite, unshaven Fatah officer—charged that Lebanese army commandos had helped defend the town, even though the army is supposed to be neutral. He gave the civilians the choice of staying or leaving for Christian-held areas; they chose to leave. Except for medicine and bare necessities, they were not allowed to take anything with them. Militiamen loaded furniture, household goods, washing machines and stereo sets into a truck to be "held for safekeeping," as one of the *Mourabitoun* explained it.

Near another church, a hard-faced Palestinian officer pointed his leather swagger stick at a blood-spattered wall near an abandoned sandbagged bunker. "From now on," he said, "there will be no more forgiving. The rightists used to say that Lebanon would be a graveyard for the Palestinians. Now it's a graveyard for them."

THE WORLD



LEBANESE PRESIDENT FRANGIEH
Accepting the Syrian package.

ian armies and the fedayeen. The President promised to restrain the rightists; the Syrians vowed to see that the leftists also respect the peace and that the Palestinian commandos living in 16 refugee camps in Lebanon abide by their earlier pledges of restraint. A major cause of rightist dissatisfaction has been the feeling that the Palestinians have become an uncontrollable "state within a state."

The Syrian package also suggested reforms long sought by Moslems and many Christian leftists, who have felt that the country's complex political system, devised in 1943, no longer reflects reality and unfairly favors the Christians. The system clearly has favored the Christians, who thus generally oppose basic changes. Under the proposed Syrian reforms, seats in Parliament would be divided equally between Christians and Moslems, instead of in the current 6-to-5 ratio favoring the Christians. No census has been taken since 1932, but it is believed that the Christian community at most comprises half of Lebanon's nearly 3 million population. To placate the Christians, however, the presidency would remain in the hands of a Maronite Christian. The reforms would also increase the authority of the Premier, a Sunni Moslem by tradition; he would be chosen by Parliament rather than by the President.

Way of Life. High hopes have accompanied the proclamation of previous cease-fires, only to be quickly dashed. A number of observers in Beirut fear that too many Lebanese have been infected by an "Ulster mentality"—a bitter resignation to continued violence and a desire for revenge in which fighting becomes a way of life. Yet last week's widespread violence may have finally forced enough Lebanese to conclude that compromise is preferable. If the current cease-fire does not hold, Lebanon may not have another chance.

'Nothing Can Be Achieved by Force'

For a full week after submitting his resignation to President Frangieh, Rashid Karami lived in a strange kind of limbo while the Lebanese crisis came to a climax. Because the President declined to act on his resignation, Karami remained *de facto* Premier. Yet he no longer wanted the job. "I felt there was no other way," he explained. "I thought that my resignation would be the kind of shock that could move the situation to a solution." Frangieh thought otherwise. At week's end he asked Karami to remain in office. "Under the circumstances," the Premier told TIME, "I found it impossible to go through with it. I don't want to disturb the country even more in this time of crisis." Even as Karami spoke, the frailty and the powerlessness of his government—among the reasons for his original resignation—were once again demonstrated. Fresh fighting bubbled up in one section of Beirut. With Lebanon's own police and internal security forces paralyzed and demoralized, steel-helmeted, heavily armed Palestinian troopers, some from the Palestine Liberation Army's "Yarmuk" brigade, took over security duties in Moslem-controlled western Beirut, which has been gripped by a spasm of looting, kidnaping and general lawlessness.

Some other observations from Premier Karami in his interview with TIME's Karsten Prager and Abu Said Abu Rish in Beirut:

On the Palestinian Security Presence. The government did not meet to discuss this matter. It was arranged by the military cease-fire committee. It is better to have forces that are officially recognized than to have guerrillas in the streets. And it will last for only a short time, until the government again has its own forces capable of playing their role.

On the P.L.A. Departure. I am sure that what has been declared will be respected. I can assure you that these forces will leave Lebanon when Lebanon asks them to leave—after arrangements have been made for the implementation of the [settlement].

On the Syrian Role. We are grateful for Syrian help in getting us through this crisis. Whatever has been done has been done with the official agreement of Lebanon. The Syrians acted as brothers and neighbors and friends. President Frangieh acted [on the Syrian initiative] when he

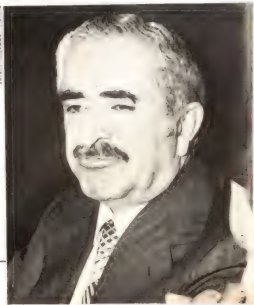
had a guarantee that what was accepted would be implemented. He could not move earlier because he could not be convinced that all sides would respect whatever was accepted—considering all the earlier cease-fires that were not respected. No part of the population had any confidence. But after the most recent developments, the conviction grew that now was the time to move.

On the Army. If there has been something like a split, it has been a very limited one. Our army is one package and it has, until now, not been affected by events. The army was not used [in the crisis] because if it had been pushed into an active role, the results would have been even worse. It is my principle that force is not the way to solve our problem, only dialogue.

On the Future. I am sure that at least 95% of the Lebanese people reject what has happened. All Lebanese want to live as one family. Once the weapons are taken away, you are going to see Lebanese—Moslems and Christians—kissing each other on the streets. It is better to forget. There is no other way.

I think that after this painful experience, the people are convinced that nothing can be achieved by force, that there must be dialogue. All have agreed to a new reform program for a new Lebanon. For all sides are equal in force, equal in territory, equal in rights. This cease-fire came about because everyone was convinced that it was time to stop the deterioration, to stop the killing. What we want is a peaceful Lebanon, a Lebanon that can satisfy all Lebanese. There is no reason for this cease-fire to break down because all parties have agreed to return to normal, to live together and to save the country.

PREMIER RASHID KARAMI



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CUBAN SOLDIERS AFTER THEIR CAPTURE OF AMBRIZ IN NORTHERN ANGOLA



WOMAN M.P.L.A. VOLUNTEER RECEIVES MILITARY TRAINING

ANGOLA

Now, a War Between the Outsiders

The Soviet-backed Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.) delivered some devastating military blows to its opponents last week. With Cuban "freedom fighters" doing more and more of the fighting, the Marxist-oriented regime of Agostinho Neto in Luanda seemed on the verge of eliminating one of its rival factions and at least neutralizing the other.

In the north, Holden Roberto's National Front for the Liberation of Angola seemed virtually finished. The scattered F.N.L.A. forces were withdrawing slowly through dense jungle toward the Zaïre border, blowing up bridges and destroying guns and ammunition that they could not carry with them. At week's end Cuban-led M.P.L.A. troops had pushed the F.N.L.A. to within 50 miles of the Zaïre border. It was apparently only a matter of time before Roberto's army lost control of Santo António do Zaïre, São Salvador and Maquela do Zombo—the last three major towns still in F.N.L.A. hands.

From his sanctuary in Zaïre's capital of Kinshasa, F.N.L.A. Leader Roberto made occasional forays into his shrinking beachhead in Angola. His top lieutenants, however, were already resigned to the prospect of reverting to guerrilla warfare—the minings, ambushes and hit-and-run raids that they used to practice (without much success) against the Portuguese.

Suicidal Move. For its part, the M.P.L.A. pledged to stop at the Zaïre border, hoping to deter Zaïre's President Mobutu Sese Seko—a strong supporter of the F.N.L.A.—from making a retaliatory move against the oil-rich northern enclave of Cabinda. In any case, the M.P.L.A. has stationed 2,000 of its best troops in Cabinda, helped by some Cubans and armed with Soviet T-54 tanks. Thus it is unlikely that Mobutu could overrun Cabinda even if he tried.

Also in Kinshasa last week was Jonas Savimbi, leader of the third warring faction, the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA). Savimbi spoke grandly of airlifting some 5,000 UNITA troops from the south to reinforce the crumbling F.N.L.A.—an obviously suicidal move, if he really means what he said. Savimbi's forces were giving ground to intensified M.P.L.A. attacks, which were also led by Cubans. At the same time, the infamous and disorderly F.N.L.A. "Chipenda column," a semiautonomous force of some 1,200 that is supposedly allied to UNITA, was doing more in the way of fighting with UNITA troops, robbing banks and terrorizing civilians than holding back the M.P.L.A. offensive.

Major Setback. In fact, the M.P.L.A. captured the town of Cela, just 100 miles north of the UNITA capital of Huambo. That is a major setback for UNITA and its South African allies, who used the city as their principal forward supply base. Further to the east, UNITA commanders near Luso claimed to have repulsed an attack by 1,000 M.P.L.A. troops, spearheaded by 500 Cubans and backed by Soviet advisers. At both Cela and Luso, South African artillery supporting UNITA troops played a major role in blocking M.P.L.A. advances.

With the Cubans and South Africans both so actively engaged, one Western intelligence source argued that "the war is increasingly out of the hands of the locals." UNITA commanders at Cela reported that "there are virtually no African faces in the enemy ranks." Soviet arms, including shipments of 122-mm. multiple rocket launchers, T-34 assault tanks and helicopter gunships, were largely responsible for the Cuban-led M.P.L.A.'s advances. Meanwhile, reinforcements continue to arrive on daily flights from Havana. There are an estimated 10,000 Cuban troops now in An-



THE WORLD

gola; at the rate they are arriving, there could be 14,000 by next month.

South African assistance to UNITA is on a much smaller scale. There are perhaps 1,000 regular South African soldiers near the fighting fronts and 2,000 to 3,000 further back, based at Sá da Bandeira or near the Cunene River. Nonetheless, their involvement in the civil war is crucial to UNITA's survival. The South Africans man the heavy equipment—principally Panhard armored cars, 130-mm. artillery pieces and Puma helicopters—that provides UNITA with mobility and firepower.

Last week the South African Cabinet met twice in preparation for the opening of Parliament, where some lively debate on the Angolan intervention was expected. Some South African government leaders favor a unilateral pull-back. They worry that their involvement in an uphill struggle will destroy the fragile détente the country has achieved with some black African states and se-

verely drain the economy. Others argue that the prospect of an outright M.P.L.A. victory in Angola, and the presence of militantly anti-South African Cubans in the country, requires an uncompromising stand. Though Pretoria has announced the biggest reserve call-up since World War II, State President Nicolaas Diederichs told Parliament at week's end that armed force can bring no lasting solution in Angola, leading to speculation that South Africa might make a partial troop withdrawal.

Military Stalemate. Some South Africans hope that with their help, UNITA can hold the M.P.L.A. to a military stalemate. That in turn might induce M.P.L.A. Leader Agostinho Neto to accept a power-sharing agreement with Savimbi, who is solidly backed by the Ovimbundu, Angola's largest tribal group. In that case, Pretoria could offer to withdraw its forces on condition that the Cubans and Soviets do the same.

Such a deal would probably have the

support of moderate leaders like Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda and perhaps even Zaire's Mobutu, who are worried that an outright M.P.L.A. victory would give the Soviet Union too much influence in Angola and the rest of central Africa. A compromise would also, of course, spare the country more violence and bloodshed. At week's end some estimates of the death toll in the civil war had risen to as high as 100,000—a devastatingly large figure for a country with only 5.5 million people.

The big question was whether the M.P.L.A. and its Communist allies would consent to a deal. At week's end it was unclear whether Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had made any progress during his Moscow visit in persuading the Soviets that their continued intervention in the struggle was a threat to détente. As for the M.P.L.A. and its Leader Neto, they were unlikely to even discuss a political settlement as long as a military victory seemed so close.

Short of Everything but Spirit

TIME Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand last week flew into the central Angolan town of Silva Porto, military headquarters for Jonas Savimbi's beleaguered UNITA forces. His report:

DEUS NO CEU, SAVIMBI EM ANGOLA (God is in heaven, Savimbi is in Angola), reads the graffiti on the front wall of the former Governor's Palace in Silva Porto. Slogans extolling the virtues of UNITA and its leader are scrawled on walls throughout this small, colonial town in the Angolan highlands. Most of the Portuguese who once lived in the neat concrete houses with red tile roofs have long since fled the country. Squatters who carefully maintain the lawns and flower beds now live in many of these homes. The Portuguese left Silva Porto taking all the city maps, plans for the city water system and, of course, 400 years of experience. Nonetheless, the place seems to run amazingly well. Street

sweepers are out daily, and the hedge outside the Governor's Palace is clipped regularly, despite the fact that the only residents of the quaint building are seven foreign journalists.

For the moment, at least, the war seems far away in Silva Porto, but the enthusiasm for UNITA and Savimbi is everywhere. Last Monday night he appeared at a workers' meeting in Silva Porto's Cine Teatro. Sitting behind a table, dressed in his customary fatigues and beret, he delivered a dazzling two-hour address to the more than 1,000 people who jammed the simple theater.

Savimbi charmed the audience as he preached to it. Sometimes his resonant Portuguese grew serious, as he made pleas for hard work and long hours: "In Europe and America, they work as much as possible. We too must work hard to build Angola." At other times he had the crowd laughing at his jokes

about, for example, the problems of being married and fighting a war at the same time. The crowd broke into chants and cheers: "Viva Savimbi! Viva UNITA! Down with Neto! Down with the Russians! Down with the Cubans!"

After Savimbi finished speaking at midnight, several other ministers and UNITA leaders spoke, although none had his style. Then, until four in the morning, the meeting turned into a self-criticism session; members of the audience made complaints and suggestions to the assembled leaders. Some mentioned corruption. Others complained about incompetence and neglect. Savimbi promised that if the charges were backed up by evidence, commanders and administrators would lose their jobs.

In open fields some 60 km. south of Silva Porto, Savimbi's troops are training. They are a young, green lot, dressed in ragged, tattered civilian clothing supplemented by an equally tattered assortment of military jackets and pants.

The recruits have only two weeks to master the tools of modern warfare—106-mm. recoilless rifles, 50-cal. machine guns and 120-mm. mortars. One group practice-firing their NATO FN rifles bumbled a great deal putting in the clips. They aimed in the general direction of the target; not many bullets seemed to hit it. Nonetheless, their morale and motivation seemed high. They sang and chanted with vigor and deep African sonority. Indeed, UNITA seems short of nearly everything but spirit and dedication. "We've asked the Americans for aid and they turned their backs on us. Now we will try to ask the Chinese for help," said one official. And then he added with a laugh, "If the Chinese do help, then the Americans will say we are Communists."

UNITA'S JONAS SAVIMBI ADDRESSES A CROWD AT SILVA PORTO'S AIRPORT



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PORTUGAL

The Rightists Take Command

The revolutionary left in Portugal has been seriously ailing ever since the collapse of an abortive coup led by radical paratroop units in November. Last week what one Lisbon daily called the "death certificate" of the left was signed—in the form of a 70-page government report that blamed the botched uprising on a wide array of leftists in the military, the labor movement, the Communist Party, the press and the now defunct COPCON security forces. The night after the report was released, flamboyant former COPCON Chief Otelio Saraiva de Carvalho, who had served as part of Portugal's short-lived ruling troika (TIME cover, Aug. 11) was arrested at his home outside Lisbon. Saraiva de Carvalho, who had been demoted from general to major after his ouster from COPCON, protested his innocence. Said he: "My imprisonment must be part of an offensive by the right to eliminate all of the obstacles that stand in its way."

Saraiva de Carvalho is the self-designated "Fidel Castro of Europe" who was responsible for festooning Lisbon with red carnations during the 1974 April revolution that overthrew former Premier Marcello Caetano. His arrest indicated how far to the right Portugal has moved since last November. Some 150 high-ranking military officers and government officials have been imprisoned for alleged involvement in the fall revolt, and more arrests were expected to follow last week's report. To make room for the leftists, the government of moderate Premier José Pinheiro de

Azevedo has quietly released nearly all of the political prisoners who were rounded up after the abortive rightist coup of March 1975. Even some 200 former agents of Caetano's hated secret police, PIDE, have been released, as has former Interior Minister César Moreira Baptista, under whom they operated.

Through transfers and discharges of known leftists, Portugal's army, which last summer was an almost unmanageable stronghold of revolutionary ardor, has been transformed into a relatively disciplined force loyal to Pinheiro de Azevedo's government. Efforts to nationalize many of Portugal's industries and to carry out a sweeping land-reform program have virtually stopped. There have been almost nightly bombings of local Communist and leftist headquarters in northern Portugal. Conservative farmers in the north who have joined in the new Confederation of Farmers plan to make their angry voices heard in elections for the legislature scheduled for next April.

With the farmers' support, the Center Social Democrats, a rightist, free-enterprise party that won only 7% of the vote in last April's elections, confidently expects to become at least the nation's third largest party. The center-left Popular Democrats, although hurt by internal party divisions, are also expected to gain strength in the spring voting, perhaps even outpacing Mario Soares, moderately leftist Socialist, the largest vote getters in last spring's elections. A secret army poll recently leaked to the press predicted a meager 6% vote for Portugal's Communist Party—less than half the 12.5% they polled last spring.

Under Control. The Socialist leader is confident that his party will win the elections. In an interview with TIME's Marinha de la Cal last week, Soares declared exultantly: "The people know that this country would be in the hands of the Communists or in a civil war if it were not for the Socialists. Who got rid of [the former pro-Communist] Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves and who got rid of Saraiva de Carvalho? We did!" Soares declared that "the extremist left is finished" and dismissed Communist charges that Portugal might be subject to a new right-wing takeover by conservative leaders in the military. Said he: "We have the situation under control."

FRANCE

Without Marx or Stalin

Jean-François Revel, an editor of the French newswirely *L'Express*, is a self-proclaimed "man of the left" who likes to prick the balloons of current intellectual fashion. In 1971, when anti-Americanism was a favorite French salon game, Revel audaciously argued in *Without Marx or Jesus* that the U.S. was the last best hope for genuine world revolution. Now Revel is at it again. At a

time when many non-Communist leftists in Europe are getting newly enthusiastic about coalitions with Communist parties, he insists in a new book called *The Totalitarian Temptation* that there is no Communism but Stalinism. Any alliance with it, says Revel, is political suicide.

Disillusioned Socialist. Revel's trenchant attack on Communism, although hardly original, comes at a critical moment for French leftists. Long slavishly subservient to Moscow dogma, the Communist Party in France has lately taken a cue from the heartening electoral successes of Italy's Communists (TIME, June 30). The Italian party has assumed impeccable democratic manners, has pledged to abide by parliamentary democracy and, if in power, to permit opposition, a free press and even a mixed economy. Striving to shed his party's doctrinaire image, French Communist Chief Georges Marchais went so far as to state on TV recently that the dictatorship of the proletariat is an outworn notion—a shocking bit of revisionism that brought a sharp, if predictable rebuke from *Pravda*. Marchais's new lip service to democratic principles has cheered French Socialists, who are allied with the Communists behind a joint platform of social goals known as the *Programme Commun*. As the taint of Moscow fades, they believe, the chances will grow for a leftist-coalition victory at the polls in 1978. Thus Revel's broadside, reviving all the old French fears about the true face of Communism, provoked immediate reaction from not only Communists but French Socialists as well.

Revel is a disillusioned Socialist who was once a *Programme Commun* candidate for the National Assembly. He de-

REVEL READING COMMUNIST DAILY



THE WORLD

finds his ideal of socialism broadly—"any evolution, reform or revolution" that tends to make an economy "function to the benefit of a larger number of men and [put it] a little more under their control." Such true socialism as exists in the world today, he argues, can survive only along with social justice and political democracy—that is, in the liberal democracies of the West. The two principal obstacles to socialism are Communism and nationalism, he contends. The combination of the two ideologies in the Soviet Union has created the strongest and least communicative nation in history, as well as an implacable enemy of true socialism. Once in power, Communism becomes despotism.

In Revel's view, Communism does not evolve; it only makes strategic adjustments. "Stalinism is the essence of Communism," he writes. "What changes is not the Stalinist system but the rigor with which it is applied." Since a regime cannot shoot or imprison every one year after year, a relaxation of repression or an increase in consumer goods may work better for a time. But "Khrushchev and Brezhnev are no less Stalinist than Stalin... They are merely less bloodthirsty."

Revel faults Western leftists for short memories. Those who discount the warnings of such dissidents as Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sakharov and concede only "unfortunate exceptions" to the Communist ideal are displaying the same false optimism as those who dismissed rumors of Soviet concentration camps two decades ago. "Many independents on the left," Revel charges, "are 'Finlandized' from within—willing to accept all manner of self-censorship on behalf of Stalinism." A case in point: the refusal of many Socialists to face up to the meaning of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

Popular Front. Revel admits that Communists can effectively exploit the contradictions in capitalist societies to lure nations to disaster. They "destroy, in the name of socialism, political democracy and install systems that are neither democratic nor socialist and that are, to boot, economically and humanely very inferior to capitalism." One step on that road to destruction, Revel warns, is the popular front. Through it, Communists gain a respite in their struggle with the right when the right is too strong for direct confrontation; they also frustrate the building of a reformist bloc by splitting its potential members between one side or the other.

Revel feels that Socialists err in dismissing Western-style social democracy as a "class collaboration" that defuses the proletariat. Focusing on class struggle, he argues, serves "less to transform the condition of the working class than to prevent capitalism from functioning." For his part, Revel prefers the libertarian inequalities of modern capitalism to "an inequality in penury under the control of a dictatorship."



AEROFLOT JET AT LUXEMBOURG AIRPORT

LUXEMBOURG

Grand Duchy of Spooks

Every Wednesday morning, Aeroflot flight 233 from Moscow touches down at Luxembourg International Airport. The 80-passenger Tupolev jet usually disgorges a curiously small contingent of passengers—rarely more than 15—from the Soviet capital. A few hours later, perhaps another ten or 15 passengers will embark for the flight back to Moscow, frequently taking with them enormous quantities of inspection-free diplomatic baggage. Their comings and goings excite little attention, except for the scrutiny of two Western intelligence agents assigned to watch each arriving and departing plane. Reason: the Aeroflot flights to and from Luxembourg, the 999-sq.-mi. grand duchy nudged between France, Belgium and West Germany, are among the principal means by which Soviet intelligence operatives enter and leave Western Europe.

Even without the weekly batch of transients, the Russian presence in Luxembourg is about as subtle as an elephant at a garden party. Ambassador Yevgeni Kosarev, a dour commissar-type who bores his fellow diplomats at cocktail parties by talking endlessly about grain crops, supervises an embassy of 36 Soviet officials—roughly one for every 10,000 Luxembourgers.

Improving Relations. The Soviet delegation is housed in a Draculesque castle on a forest-trimmed hilltop three miles north of Luxembourg City; the mission is protected by two stone walls equipped with television and other electronic surveillance devices. The embassy's first secretary and press officer, Anatoli Meshcheriakov, lamely justifies the mission's size on the ground that his government is interested in improving relations with Luxembourg.

That, according to Western intelligence sources, is a likely story. They say that at least a dozen of the embassy's officials are members of either the KGB, the Soviet secret police, or the GRU, the Soviet military's intelligence section. Meshcheriakov himself is said to be the KGB station chief; the cultural attaché, one Lev Gaganov, station chief for the GRU. Moreover, the weekly Aeroflot flights to Luxembourg, which began last July, were negotiated by a KGB operative who was expelled from France three years ago for industrial espionage.



SOVIET EMBASSY NORTH OF CAPITAL
Not up to a John le Carré game.

Soviet interest in Luxembourg is easily explained. Although not exactly a military power—its army numbers all of 500, including a 100-member band—the grand duchy belongs to NATO, and its officials are privy to many Western military secrets. The country is a wide-open highway into Belgium, France and West Germany—less than an hour's drive from U.S. bases in Germany and only two hours from NATO headquarters in Brussels. Most of Luxembourg's borders are untended even by customs officials, and its pine forests offer thousands of safe passageways to anyone who wants to saunter into another country. Those forests also function as hiding places for the "dead-letter boxes" that spies use to pass information.

Tiny Budget. To keep track of the Soviet spies, Luxembourg has its own intelligence arm, the Service des Renseignements, which operates on a tiny budget of \$80,000 and is said to have only half a dozen qualified gumshoes. "Given its size," says one espionage expert, "Luxembourg does a pretty good job. But they don't have the players for a John le Carré game."

Luxembourg's spooks—like the CIA—are currently under fire in the grand duchy's parliament, and may soon be put under an oversight committee in the legislature. Socialist Jean Gremling, who might be called Luxembourg's Frank Church, argues that "we don't want to be part of the silent war between secret service organizations here." That, of course, is just one more confirmation that the silent war in the grand duchy is uncomfortably real.

INDIA

Indira Gandhi's 'Crown Prince'

The most talked about political figure in India today is not, technically speaking, a politician at all. He has never run for public office, and even denies that he has firmly set his sights on a political career. Nonetheless, Sanjay Gandhi, 29, the younger son of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi* and the grandson of Jawaharlal Nehru, has been hitting the hustings lately as an articulate and outspoken advocate of his mother's policies. Sanjay's political enemies—and even some of his friends—have begun to refer to him as "the crown prince." Veteran Indian politicians are treating him with the deference due a young man who happens to be the likely heir to a political dynasty. "Even a few minutes' talk with him reveals his political acumen," marveled Devaraj Urs, chief minister of the state of Karnataka, last week. "He is as courageous as his mother." Notes one longtime political observer in New Delhi: "At the beginning of 1975, Sanjay's influence was minimal. Today there is a genuine feeling that he has a very good chance of being the third member of the Nehru family to become Prime Minister."

VIP Treatment. Sanjay's enormous advantage is that his name is already known to millions of Indians. Last month he was elected to the executive committee of the youth wing of the ruling Congress Party. He also attended the party's national convention at Chandigarh, where he was given VIP treatment. Arriving unannounced one day at the delegate's dining hall for lunch, he was greeted with shouts of "Sanjay Gandhi zindabad!" (Long live Sanjay Gandhi!)—the sort of accolade usually reserved for national leaders.

Then he was off to Bombay for an off-the-record session with some of India's leading journalists and attended a presidential review of the ships of the In-

dian fleet. Last week he turned up in Bangalore, where he was greeted by crowds and hailed by local officials as a "symbol of youth and hope." He urged members of the party's youth branch to limit their families to two children, to educate at least one illiterate person and to plant one tree every year. Avoid identification with the political left or right, declared Sanjay, and follow the credo of Mahatma Gandhi (no kin to the Prime Minister) to help "the poorest of the poor and the weakest of the weak."

Until his recent emergence as a public figure, Sanjay Gandhi was best known to Indians as the designer and builder of a mini-auto called the Maruti, named for the son of the Hindu god of wind. In the past, opposition politicians have charged that Sanjay got preferential treatment in getting a license to manufacture the car, which is now in limited production (cost: \$2,800) after eight troubled years of development.

TIME New Delhi Bureau Chief William Smith and Correspondent James Shepherd recently talked with Gandhi about these and other matters. The interview took place in a small parlor of the Prime Minister's residence in New Delhi, where Sanjay and his wife Menaka, 20, also live. Reported Smith and Shepherd: "Unlike most Indians of his age, Sanjay scorns Western-style clothes for a traditional knee-length *kurti*, worn over white cotton pajamas. Shy but well-spoken, Sanjay began by describing with obvious pride the car he designed from scratch. Later, when he took his guests for a ride, he tactfully inquired, 'Shall I drive fast or slow?' before tearing off on a test-drive performance over the bumpy roads and fields surrounding the Maruti factory. His guests' consensus on the car: noisy but seemingly sturdy." Excerpts from the interview:

ON FOREIGN CRITICISM OF MRS. GANDHI'S EMERGENCY RULE: There is a tremendous double standard. If [something] is done in the U.S., then it is very democratic. If it is done here, then it is terrible, it is the death of democracy. Would you tolerate a situation in America where the opposition took



MRS. GANDHI & SANJAY AT CHANDIGARH
The deference due a dynastic heir.

it on themselves to catch hold of the elected members of the assembly, as they did in Gujarat, and beat them up until they resigned, and burn down their houses? Did the British tolerate the building up of violence in Northern Ireland? They declared an emergency, they sent their troops in there. Did the Americans ever say that democracy has died in Britain?

For very much milder agitation in the U.S., troops have been brought out, dogs have been let onto the crowds. We never brought out troops here, even after the emergency. I mean, you say that democracy is suppressed here, but it is alive enough that we just couldn't use troops in such cases.

ON RESTRICTIONS ON THE INDIAN PRESS: I think there is much less censorship here than there is in most countries of the world. [But] the press has been controlled by a few people, and the role it played was the role it was ordered to play by these people, and that was to try and disrupt as much as they could. They told blatant lies the whole time.

ON INDIA'S MIXED ECONOMY: I don't feel you should throttle either the state-owned or the private sector. You should let them run in competition with each other, and let the best one win. Yes, I think there are too many controls on the state-owned companies.

ON HIS POLITICAL FUTURE: Honestly, I don't see any role. I didn't come into it for the sake of politics, I came into it in a time of crisis. I don't know if I'll stick at it after [the emergency] is over. I find it just as satisfying to hammer away at some piece of steel. [As for being Prime Minister], the question doesn't arise. We have 600 million people here, and quite a lot of them have been in this field longer than I have.



SANJAY GANDHI IN HIS MARUTI

TIME DIALOGUE

Israeli vs. Palestinian: Face to Face

Israelis and Palestinians have much to say to each other, but seldom are their conflicting arguments delivered face to face. Israel continued to boycott the Middle East debate at the United Nations Security Council last week, because the Palestine Liberation Organization was taking part. At week's end Council members were still debating the precise wording of an Arab-sponsored resolution affirming the Palestinians' "inalienable national right" to a homeland. Although the draft resolution also advocated security guarantees for all states in the area—a tacit acknowledgement of Israel's right to exist—the U.S. was expected to veto the resolution when it comes to a vote early this week.

HATEM HUSSAINI

Behind the Israeli-Palestinian conflict lie deep, passionate disagreements and hostilities. To re-create, in a sense, the debate that could have taken place between the adversaries in the U.N., TIME's Diplomatic Editor Jerrold L. Schecter recently moderated a lively debate between two articulate (but unofficial) advocates of the Israeli and Palestinian causes. Amos Perlmutter, 44, is a Tel Aviv-born Israeli, who is professor of government at American University in Washington and the author of books on Egypt and on the role of the military in Israel's politics. Hatem Hussaini, 33, a Palestinian from Jerusalem, has a doctorate in political science from the University of Massachusetts and is a representative on the staff of the Arab Information Center in Washington. Excerpts from their dialogue:

SCHECTER: As a basic question, should Israel talk with the P.L.O. and the P.L.O. with Israel, and under what circumstances?

PERLMUTTER: Clearly, Israel should talk with any group of people or organization in the Middle East that recognizes a Jewish national state.

HUSSAINI: It is very difficult for the P.L.O. and the Palestinian people to talk to the Israeli government now. The Israeli government is in control of all of Palestine and has imposed military rule over 1½ million Palestinians. It has not mentioned anything about how it is going to deal with the Palestinian people on the basis of their national rights.

SCHECTER: How do you see these circumstances changing?

HUSSAINI: [Only] if there is a new Israeli government or if there is a new policy that would recognize the national rights of the Palestinian people and their right to return to their country and live as equals with others.

PERLMUTTER: First, I would say the problem of the national rights of Palestinians is an inter-Arab problem, not an Israeli problem.

In other words, the question of those rights is part of the negotiating process. You cannot come to the end of the process at the beginning.

Point two: What is the definition for Palestine? If I look at

ISRAELI PATROL IN GAZA; PALESTINIANS IN LEBANON

the Palestinian National Covenant of 1968, only Palestinian Arabs possess the right of self-determination in the country. As long as the covenant practically says that the only way to liberate Palestine is by war, and the only definition of Palestine is a total Arab Palestine, how can Israel negotiate itself out of existence?

SCHECTER: Do you see Israel negotiating itself out of existence?

HUSSAINI: This myth and this phrase are so unreal. There are 3 million Israelis. They have the right to remain there and live in peace and prosperity. I am surprised that Dr. Perlmutter says self-determination for the Palestinians is not an Israeli problem. Of course it is.

There are 3 million Palestinians and 3 million Israelis; these two peoples should coexist within a secular democratic society [in Palestine]. The question is how and in what form.

SCHECTER: What about a Palestinian state on the West Bank and in Gaza federated with Jordan?

HUSSAINI: I will have to wait and see if the Israeli government would end its military occupation of these territories and allow the Palestinians the freedom to express their opinion and determine their destiny. We ask how long are the West Bank and Gaza going to remain under Israeli occupation. This is why Palestinians speak of liberation. When you have people under military rule, they have every right to resist. Our struggle for liberation is not against the Jews; it is to live as a free people.

PERLMUTTER: In 1947 there was a U.N. resolution that divided the country into two—one Arab state, one Jewish state. It was the Arab countries that attacked Israel, and it is the Arab countries that are responsible for the expulsion of the Palestinians. Between 1951 and 1967, most of the Palestinians that Mr. Hussaini is talking about were under Jordanian rule. I am in favor of a Palestine-Jordan solution. [But] as an Israeli who recognizes that there is a nationalist movement in Palestine, I would be willing to say the P.L.O. probably is the only group that represents real Palestinian nationalism. [Nonetheless] that does not mean that a Palestinian state could be established tomorrow unless you negotiate it.

HUSSAINI: It is a historical inaccuracy to blame the suffering of the Palestinians on the Arab states. It is a fact that the Palestinian people belong to the lands of Palestine, the territory that was put under British rule in the early 1920s. There was fighting in Palestine, and many Palestinians left their homes as Jewish military forces were moving into these towns and villages.

The U.N. General Assembly recommended partition of Palestine into two states: Jewish and Arab. So we now ask today: Where is the Arab state? The Palestinians do not belong to Jordan or Syria or Egypt. They belong to Haifa, Jaffa and Lod.

Why should an American and a Soviet Jew have a right to go to Israel and automatically become citizens, while the Palestinians who were born there have no right? This is the central question, a question of the denial of inalienable rights.

PERLMUTTER: You deny the concept of a Jewish national state. We live in an age of national movements. The Jews came to Zion, the [historic] land of the Jews. A Jew from Russia has a right to come to Haifa because it is the Jewish national homeland, as much as Egypt is for an Egyptian. As for the Palestinians, during the British mandate there were no Palestinians. People came from Syria, Egypt or what is now Lebanon who lived in the area called Palestine. You know, if we are going to history, we will never resolve it. Let's talk about the situation now. The P.L.O. covenant says the armed struggle "is the only way to liberate Palestine and is therefore strategy, not tactics."

SCHECTER: How do you answer Dr. Perlmutter's question about recognizing the existence of Israel?

HUSSAINI: Palestine was never without any people. The problem is



AMOS PERLMUTTER



ISRAELI PATROL IN GAZA; PALESTINIANS IN LEBANON



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—I think he knows it very well—that this Jewish national home has been established on our lands, at our expense. Therefore, I cannot return, and thousands are living in refugee camps.

When you ask me to recognize Israel, does this mean I have to remain in exile forever? How can you ask me to recognize this Jewish homeland when I cannot return? I am from Jerusalem. My father is living there, and yet I cannot go and see him. You know well I cannot.

PERLMUTTER: There is a state of war between the Arab countries and Israel.

HUSSAINI: It is a fact that I cannot return. The Israeli government would allow me to visit for two months, and then I have to leave. That is, of course, the greatest insult. So when you talk about armed struggle and so on, the Israelis have used armed struggle—violence—to occupy these territories. If you are against armed struggle, you should condemn the Israeli army.

PERLMUTTER: If you are arguing that you would like to have a national liberation force, fine—but not at the expense of a Jewish national home. Israel does not sit with the P.L.O. because you argue that the armed struggle must go on. Why should Israel negotiate with those who want to eliminate it? If you want an armed struggle in Jordan, fine; 60% of the Jordanians are Palestinians.

HUSSAINI: I feel that if we want to move toward peace, the Palestinian people should have a right to return to their homes and live as equals, not as second-class citizens.

SCHACTER: Do you accept the existence of the state of Israel?

HUSSAINI: The question is what kind of Israel. Is it the state for all Jews in the world to go and live there? What boundaries? What kind of state? If it is a Jewish state, what will happen to me as a non-Jew? We are saying Palestine should be for the Israelis and the Palestinians and these two peoples should live with equal rights. I should have a right to live in Jerusalem, run for President if I want to.

SCHACTER: What would happen in an election among the Palestinians on the West Bank and in Gaza and Jordan today?

PERLMUTTER: Israel is preparing for elections in March, [which] I think is a first step toward settlement. You know, the people on the West Bank can participate in Jordanian elections. Have you heard of any other occupied people who vote in elections for a state that is an avowed enemy of Israel like Jordan?

SCHACTER: But aren't you talking about something different?

HUSSAINI: Yes, a free plebiscite to see what the Palestinians want. Obviously, the Israeli government would not allow that. Dr. Perlmutter is talking about municipal elections. Of course the Palestinians have a right to run their towns. But if you would have a free plebiscite on the West Bank and in Gaza, the Palestinians would support the P.L.O. They would say they want to be free to run their own affairs, and would want to have a right to return to their homes in Israel proper.

SCHACTER: Then what happens to the existence of Israel?

HUSSAINI: When we talk about Palestinians returning and co-existing with Israel, I don't see why the term destroy should come into this picture. What we are talking about is changing the laws and institutions that allow one people to dominate another, to discriminate against another. The Law of Return discriminates because it allows a Jew from the Soviet Union to return but does not allow a Palestinian to return.

SCHACTER: What do you say to that?

PERLMUTTER: There is a fundamental problem. The P.L.O. is a radical, nationalistic, neo-Islamic movement. It is authoritarian, and it is dedicated to the annihilation of Israel. The P.L.O. is a movement dedicated to every principle that is antagonistic to liberal democratic principles, which Israel stands for. How could Israel accept within it such a movement?

HUSSAINI: On the one hand, Dr. Perlmutter does not want Palestinians to say anything about what kind of state Israel ought to be. Yet on the other hand, he makes all kinds of statements about the Palestinian movement. This is a double standard. If you call on the Palestinians to lay down their guns, then Israel

should also renounce force. We did not bring force into this conflict, historically. The Palestinians were a civilian population, unarmed, untrained.

SCHACTER: Isn't the General Assembly resolution equating Zionism and racism going to lead to worldwide anti-Semitism?

HUSSAINI: No, I don't think so. The Palestinians are opposed to discrimination against any people because of their color or religion. We, the Palestinians, are Semites anyhow.

What this resolution really tries to say is that Zionism, in the process of creating the Jewish state, has discriminated against another people, has denied them their rights. This is a form of racial discrimination. We say the Law of Return and other laws that deny the Palestinians their rights should be removed. This is what the resolution is trying to say. If you read it, you will see it also condemns discrimination against any people on the basis of race, religion or color.

PERLMUTTER: I think the resolution is racist and anti-Semitic. For me, Judaism is symbiotic. It is both a people and a religion. If you look at the history of the Jews, you see there could be no Jewish religion without the ethnic group, the Jewish people, and there could not be a Jewish people without the Jewish religion. I argue that an anti-Zionist resolution is anti-Semitic in the fol-



JEWISH REFUGEES ARRIVE IN PALESTINE (1946); ARABS LEAVING (1948)

lowing sense: because Israel is central to Jewish experience, and if you delegitimize Israel, you delegitimize Jews.

HUSSAINI: To the Palestinians, Judaism is a religion of great spiritual values. Christian and Islamic beliefs have taken so much from the spiritual values of Judaism. [But] for Judaism to be identified with a state that has an army that kills and massacres—that is a contradiction.

Jews have every right to come to Palestine and live in peace but not to come with bombs and expel Palestinians and then tell them you belong here and don't belong there. This resolution is trying to say that the heart of the conflict in Palestine is that Zionism came by force, denied the inhabitants their rights and created this state that has nothing to do with religious values.

SCHACTER: Could you project a solution into the future?

HUSSAINI: I think the P.L.O. has laid down this principle in its 1973 National Council meeting, that in any territory that Israel evacuates—meaning the West Bank and Gaza—the P.L.O. will establish national authority. But that is based on a big "if," because what we see in fact is an Israeli policy of building new Jewish settlements in the occupied territories.

I want Israel to leave the West Bank and Gaza so that my people would become free and could determine their own destiny, and, of course, the P.L.O. would be willing to participate in peace efforts toward that end.

PERLMUTTER: I am disturbed by reading what [P.L.O. "Foreign Minister"] Farouk Kaddoumi said: "I am sure that we can find a formula for peaceful coexistence, but this Zionist ghetto of Israel must be destroyed." Will you say that the Zionist state of Israel should exist, and you should negotiate with it like Egypt negotiated with it? I would agree with that, if it is constructive.



DUNAWAY CASTING A COLD EYE IN VOYAGE



RODGERS & WILLIAMSON WORKING ON REX

The icy hauteur and old-fashioned eye-piece belong to Actress **Faye Dunaway**, 35, now at work on a new picture titled *Voyage*. The movie features Dunaway as the starched wife of a university professor, played by Austrian Actor **Oskar Werner**. The filming, some of which took place off the coast of Barcelona, caused some seasickness problems among the moviemakers, but Dunaway seemed to have had more worries about costuming than *mal de mer*. "My problem," she says simply, "was in trying to keep the monocle clamped on."

Though he could think of some cases where an extramarital fling "might save a politician's sanity," said Democrat **John V. Lindsay**, 54, that philandering politician in the former New York mayor's first novel is strictly fiction. The central character in *The Edge* is dapper Mike Stuart, an ambitious Congressman with a wife, three children and a mistress. The author, insisted Lindsay, is an ambitious ex-Congressman with a wife and four children. Period. "As my old friend **Bill Buckley** said, there is a certain amount of obligatory sex in a book," Lindsay observed at a Manhattan publishing party held in his honor last week. And how had the former mayor kept his own sanity during those trying years in City Hall? "We used to go to the theater ... to the ballet," answered John. "I read a lot."

"He is much less of a monster than he used to be; it's just our vision of him," smiled Composer **Richard Rodgers**, 74, considering the subject of his new Broadway musical *Rex*. Based on the life of Henry VIII and scheduled to open in April, the play will feature music by Rodgers, lyrics by **Sheldon Harnick** (who wrote *Fiddler on the Roof*) and British Actor **Nicol Williamson** as Henry. Despite his past successes (*The King and I*,

Carousel, *Pal Joey*), the old pro composer faces some tough competition from two other Broadway veterans. As Rodgers put the finishing touches to his score last week, Lyricist **Alan Jay Lerner** and Composer **Leonard Bernstein** began rehearsals on their own new musical, *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*. The show, says Lerner, deals with "the first hundred years of the White House, roughly from 1800 to 1900, and the previous attempts to take it away from us."

His opening lines included quotations from Philosopher **Francis Bacon** and Quarterback **Johnny Unitas**, as well as a no-nonsense warning that was pure **Howard Cosell**. "I am not here to entertain you. We're here to work," the broadcaster rasped at the 18 students (out of 200 applicants) who had won seats for his twelve-week seminar on "Big-Time Sports in Contemporary America" at Yale University. Humble Howard's course will include guest lectures by National Football League Commissioner **Pete Rozelle** and Baseball Players' Negotiator **Marvin Miller**, plus readings from classic texts like Cosell's own autobiography. Cosell. "I was amazed that he really does talk like that," allowed Sophomore Andy Durham after two hours of Howard's portentous delivery. "He insulted students when they said something stupid—the same way he does on TV."

"I don't know if it was me or that she was hungry," said **Jack Ford**, 23, talking about Tennis Star **Kathy Evert**'s speedy 6-2, 6-1 victory over **Kathy Kuykendall** in the first round of last week's Virginia Slims tennis tournament. Branching out from her on-again-off-again romance with Singles Ace **Jimmy Connors**, Chris had invited the President's middle son to watch the match, played at a school outside Washington. After her easy win, the pair set off for dinner at Rocky Racoon's, a Washing-

ALAN JAY LERNER & LEONARD BERNSTEIN WATCHING A REHEARSAL



PEOPLE



CHRIS EVERT & HER WHITE HOUSE ADMIRER MEETING FOR A POST-MATCH DATE

ton restaurant featuring country music, and afterward made plans to meet again. No matter that Athlete Evert, 21, earned \$362,227 last year, and that her escort has been unemployed since he graduated from Utah State University last May. Gentleman Jack picked up the tab.

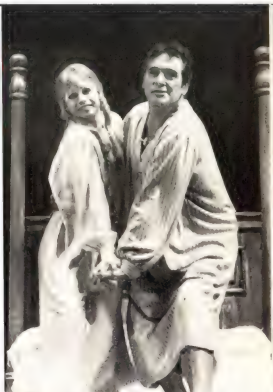
In *The Candidate*, Actor **Robert Redford** starred as an idealistic aspirant to the U.S. Senate. In real life, his political achievements can be measured on a more modest scale. Redford, a resident of Provo Canyon, Utah (pop. 124), since 1963 and one of the owners of the nearby Sundance ski resort, last week was appointed chairman of the Provo Canyon Sewer District Committee. His duties: to help local residents win state aid for a more extensive sewage system. "I'm honored," said the actor, "but I'm having a hard time picking a cabinet."

The flap in the household of New York's senior Senator **Jacob Javits** was rapidly becoming something of a political soap opera. When the story of his wife **Marion's** \$67,500-a-year job representing Iran's national airline for a Manhattan public relations firm first broke two weeks ago, Husband Jack, 71, gamely allowed that his wife, 51, made "independent judgments" about her professional life; he brushed aside charges that her job compromised his integrity as a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and a staunch supporter of Israel. But last week at a closed-door session of the Foreign Relations Committee, the Senator told his colleagues unhappily: "I am caught between women's rights and my respect for the Senate." Conceding that he had been sorely troubled by his wife's job, he later hinted to newsmen that he had asked her to resign. A family friend put it more bluntly: "He has given her an ultimatum: 'Would she quit?' Marion 'wants time, a quiet time, to think about her position,'

said Marvin Frankel, a top executive at Ruder & Finn, her public relations firm.

"Inside this hulk you see before you is a frustrated song-and-dance man just screaming to get out," quipped Actor **Rock Hudson** before his arrival in London for the stage musical *I Do! I Do!* Hudson, who opened last week with Singer-Dancer **Juliet Prowse** in the two-character marital spoof, should have kept the screamer locked within. The *London Sun* found Rock's singing so far off-key as to make "timid dogs sit on their haunches and howl at the moon." As for his hoofing ability, the paper's critic was relieved to find that Prowse "is fast enough on her feet to prevent any damage to her toes when Rock is called on to do an occasional, stiff-backed military two-step." With his eight-week run sold out before opening night, Hudson claimed to be unperturbed by the notices, although he did concede that "actually, I dance better when I'm drunk."

The walk-on part at Los Angeles International Airport went smoothly enough; walking off the jumbo jet in London, however, proved to be Actress **Rita Hayworth's** undoing. When her plane landed at Heathrow Airport after the ten-hour flight, the flaming red-head star of such '40s films as *Gilda* and *Blood and Sand*, now 57, flatly refused to disembark. "Miss Hayworth started shouting and waving her arms about," said an airline official. "She did not want to leave the plane." When she finally agreed to go more than a half-hour later, aides quickly spirited her away to the airport health office. Said Hayworth's manager Burton Moss: "She wasn't drunk. She just had one glass of champagne." He added: "Rita hates flying, so she had some tranquilizers. That's why she didn't look her best."



JULIET & ROCK SHARING A LONDON FLOP



RITA HAYWORTH AFTER HER ROUGH LANDING

Tragedy in Hopewell

Dale Gilbert was delighted to get his job as an operations supervisor at Life Science Products Co., a small Hopewell, Va., firm that manufactured a pesticide called Kepone. His annual salary was \$14,500—\$3,000 more than he had earned in his previous job in a tobacco plant. Gilbert has paid dearly for his raise. Two months after joining Life Science, the handsome Virginian noticed that his hands had begun to tremble. By last May he had developed pains in his chest and stomach. He was hospitalized in June, and has not worked since. He suffers from liver and spleen damage and has become sterile. The pupil of one of his eyes no longer reacts to light, and he has become abnormally sensitive to noise. There is also a possibility that Gilbert—married and the father of three children—could develop cancer.

Gilbert, 34, is the first diagnosed victim of Life Science's sole product: Kepone. But as testimony before a Senate subcommittee in Washington emphasized last week, dozens of others are suffering from exposure to the deadly pesticide. Since last summer, doctors have

treated more than 70 people—Life Science employees and members of their families—for overexposure to Kepone; some 30 have been hospitalized. More victims of this environmental disaster may yet be discovered. For 16 months before it was closed last July, Life Science sent its toxic wastes through the Hopewell sewage treatment system and into the James River, one of the area's sources of fish and shellfish.

Unheeded Warning. Kepone is a white powder that has proved potent against ants, roaches and potato bugs. It was developed by Allied Chemical Corp. in 1951 and manufactured, off and on, in Allied's plant in Hopewell. At various times, the company arranged with two other firms, Hooker Chemicals & Plastics Corp. of Niagara Falls, N.Y., and Nease Chemical Co. of State College, Pa., to produce it. Then in 1974 Allied contracted with Life Science, a new firm started by two former Allied employees, William Moore and Virgil Hundtofte, to produce the pesticide.

Allied officials informed the U.S. Food and Drug Administration about Kepone's toxicity as early as 1961 and warned Life Science that the pesticide, which can be absorbed through the skin, should be handled with care. The warning seems to have gone largely unheeded. Gilbert insists that neither he nor his fellow workers were ever told that Kepone could be hazardous. Unaware of the danger, many of the employees did not bother to wear the rubber gloves they had been issued. Others ate their lunches off tables covered with Kepone dust. Says Gilbert, "Nobody said this stuff was dangerous. I was told it was not harmful."

The alarm was not sounded, in fact, until a local doctor, puzzled by Gilbert's symptoms, sent a sample of his blood to the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. Doctors there discovered the high Kepone level and notified Dr. Robert Jackson, the state epidemiologist and acting director of Virginia's bureau of preventive med-

ical services. Jackson visited the Life Science plant, witnessed what he described as incredibly lax and sloppy conditions, and examined ten employees. Seven had symptoms similar to Gilbert's. Since then, doctors have examined 131 people who worked for Life Science at various times. More than half showed symptoms of Kepone poisoning, which include brain and liver damage, slurred speech, loss of memory and erratic eye movement. Recent studies show that Kepone also causes cancer in laboratory animals.

The Life Science plant was promptly closed down. Because traces of Kepone have been found in fish and shellfish from the James, authorities have closed the river—and its tributaries—from Richmond to Chesapeake Bay to fishermen. They are also keeping a watchful eye on the families of former Life Science employees; all of them were exposed to Kepone dust brought into their homes in the workers' clothing. Gilbert's wife Jan, 33, was recently hospitalized for liver and spleen problems, and although the Gilberts' daughter seems free of symptoms, the couple's two boys have both had minor eye problems.

Unused Authority. Gilbert and eleven of his former co-workers are suing Allied and Hooker for a total of \$28.9 million (since they are collecting workmen's compensation from Life Science's insurer, they are prohibited under Virginia law from suing that company). The Occupational Safety and Health Administration has cited Life Science for four safety violations and fined the company \$16,500, an action that the firm is contesting. Federal, state and local officials are also acting. The Senate's Agricultural Research and General Legislation Subcommittee will study the testimony at the hearings to determine how the Kepone disaster could have happened—and how similar events can be avoided. Virginia's Governor Mills E. Godwin Jr., the General Assembly, and the city of Hopewell are looking into legislation that will strengthen the safeguards against contamination of the environment by toxic chemicals.

That kind of legislation is badly needed on a national level. Chemists are introducing new compounds at the rate of more than 1,000 a year, and only careful screening can spot potentially hazardous substances before they get into the environment. But new laws alone are not enough to protect workers and the public from exposure to toxic chemicals. What is also needed is a willingness on the part of various agencies to communicate with each other and to act. Federal, state and local officials had ample authority to protect the Life Science workers from Kepone poisoning. No one exercised this authority until it was too late.

LIFE SCIENCE PESTICIDE PLANT



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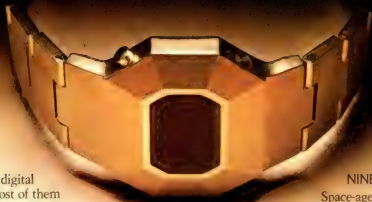
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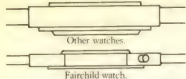
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Notice how many people seem to be getting cancer these days?

Risks of Cancer

As part of the drive to improve cancer detection, 90 leading scientists met 14 months ago in Key Biscayne, Fla., under the auspices of the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society, to identify individuals and groups who are most susceptible to cancer. Last week, in a 544-page volume titled *Persons at High Risk of Cancer* (Academic Press), they published their conclusions. They found that the occurrence of cancer seems to be influenced by a large variety of factors that fall into three broad categories:

ENVIRONMENT. A mass of evidence indicates that the incidence of certain types of cancer—lung, liver and bladder, for example—is markedly higher for workers in such “dirty” industries as chemicals, mining and asbestos processing (TIME, Oct. 20). Cancer may also be linked with more elusive agents, including the level of radiation and the amount of sunlight in a given region. Some statistics are already available to support this thesis. Melanoma, a form of skin cancer, seems more prevalent in the sunny U.S. South, for example, than in the North. Man-made chemicals and pollutants in water, air and food have already been indicted in some kinds of cancer and are suspect in many more. Even so, the researchers pointed out that the work in this area is only beginning. Said Dr. Brian MacMahon of the Harvard School of Public Health: “Environmental causes of cancer must be far more numerous than those [already] identified.”

LIFE-STYLE. While such personal habits as smoking and drinking alcohol have long been linked with cancer, the researchers noted an intriguing new finding: for people who both drink and smoke, the risk of cancer appears to rise

proportionately higher than for those who do only one of these things. The report also implicates diet, for example, the incidence of bowel cancer seems to increase with the amount of meat and fatty foods consumed. Cancer may also be linked with dietary deficiencies; one researcher pointed out that an absence of vitamin A may contribute to the development of several kinds of cancer, including cancer of the salivary glands. Finally, the specialists noted, there may be a connection between genital cancer and life-style. For example, cancer of the penis occurs more commonly in regions where circumcision and bodily cleanliness are not practiced, while cervical cancer seems higher among women who are sexually promiscuous.

HEREDITY. The researchers agreed that heredity may be at least as important as any other factor in causing cancer. Indeed, as long ago as the 17th century, doctors noticed that a predisposition to cancer seems to run in certain families. Nonetheless, the researchers conceded that despite great progress in unraveling the workings of the cell’s DNA—the molecule of heredity—the genetic tendency toward cancer remains one of medicine’s major mysteries.

Fighting Frostbite

To most Americans, frostbite may seem like a remote risk. Yet as more and more people venture outdoors in winter—skiing, hiking, mountain climbing—it has become an increasingly common health hazard.

Fingers, toes or the nose and cheeks usually become vulnerable first. As the body tries to conserve heat for vital internal organs in bitter cold, it reduces the flow of warming blood to the extremities. Eventually, if the temperature in the tissue drops low enough, tiny ice

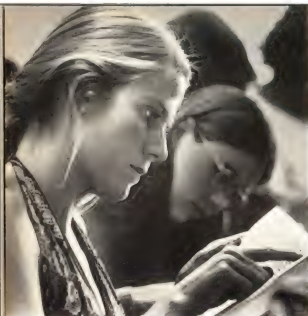
crystals begin to form in the watery spaces between the cells. Expanding outward in all directions, the ice ruptures cell membranes and kills the tissue, which turns white, stiff and insensitive to touch.

As late as the 1950s some doctors and first-aid manuals were recommending massage of a frostbitten limb with snow or ice, a treatment that traces back to Baron Larrey, Napoleon’s chief surgeon on the Grand Army’s disastrous retreat from Moscow during the bitter winter of 1812-13. Larrey believed such therapy reduced the likelihood of infection. But the experience of American doctors during the Korean War and more recently in Alaska has shown that the best treatment for frostbite is not more cold but rapid warming.

Alcoholic Solace. Dr. William J. Mills Jr. of Anchorage, Alaska, an orthopedist and consultant to the U.S. Army on cold-weather injuries, is a pioneer of the new therapy. Writing in *Emergency Medicine*, he describes a typical course of treatment. If the victim is still out in the field several hours away from professional help, says Mills, rescuers should quickly attempt to thaw the frostbitten part; one method is to tuck a frozen hand, say, under the rescuer’s armpit. The temperature, in any case, should be about 100° F.; anything much higher than body temperature can cause further harm, as can refreezing. To protect the fragile tissue, it should be wrapped in clean padding; fingers or toes are often splinted to keep them from bruising contact or pressure.

In the hospital, Mills usually uses a whirlpool bath (temperature: 100° to 108°) to warm and rinse the frozen area. To encourage healing, no dressing is used on the injured area. Sheets are sterilized, and attendants wear masks and gowns to prevent infection. Whirlpool baths are continued at slightly lowered temperatures. Mills also encourages exercises, not only to make frostbitten limbs flexible again but to give patients a psychological boost; they are often frightened by the appearance of the injury (blisters, swelling, discoloration). Mills allows alcohol because “it does offer solace” but forbids tobacco, which tends to constrict blood vessels and impede blood circulation.

If the frostbitten tissue swells severely and blood flow is blocked, Mills sometimes makes a surgical incision to relieve pressure. But he warns his fellow doctors against more drastic measures, especially premature amputation. “Keep your hands off,” he says sternly, “and don’t be discouraged by the appearance of the injury: clean, healthy tissue may be forming below.” Unless complications occur, Mills adds, this cautious approach to frostbite usually ensures the victim’s recovery in only weeks.



STUDENTS AT STANFORD LEARNING CENTER

Help for the Brightest

Stanford University, often called the "Harvard of the West,"¹ has no problem filling its freshman class each year with straight-A students. Because good grades came so easily to these students in high school, however, many enter Stanford with slovenly and inefficient study habits. To their dismay, they discover that they have trouble handling the university's more rigorous academic demands.

Stanford has responded with a remedial program for the bright: the Learning Assistance Center (LAC), which offers courses in how to take classroom notes, use the library, prepare term papers, and budget study time efficiently. LAC, begun in 1972, now teaches more than 50% of Stanford's 1,500 freshmen; some of them, among the brightest in their class, enroll simply to improve their competitive edge. The center also is open to upperclassmen, graduate students and faculty members who want to learn more efficiently. Stanford considers the courses so valuable that it even gives credit for them.

Funny and Clownlike. By far the most crowded class at the center is LAC-10, a three-credit course in reading skills. It was set up when administrators learned that first-year Stanford students score in the 60-70 percentile range in nationwide tests of college freshmen reading skills. "At Stanford, that's low," explains LAC Director Michael McHargue. "People here don't know that anything below 90% exists." LAC-10 instructors teach students how to skim a chapter in a textbook for the important points and how to build up their vocabulary.

They also encourage students to be discerning and to recognize an author's

bias. A spin-off of LAC-10, a reading-writing course, is also well attended. While Time Correspondent Joseph Boyce sat in on a class last week, students were asked what came to mind when presented with each of several different adjectives meaning fat. Sample answers: for paunchy, "beerbelly"; corpulent, "overweight but dignified"; fleshy, "yuck, flabby"; burly, "a lumberjack or truck driver"; roly-poly, "funny, clownlike."

LAC has become one of the most popular institutions at Stanford—largely because it seems to work. "I got a lot out of LAC-10," says Debbie Sloss, a junior, "I see things much more analytically now." Admits Bill Shankle, a junior and a graduate of a LAC study-skills course: "One finds that even if he is just innately a genius, he has got to study."

Buckley Backfire

Student records are not confined to dry listings of grades, IQ scores and other statistics. They often bulge with personal information—much of it unsubstantiated—such as the political and sexual leanings not only of the student but also of his parents. Ever since the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act went into effect in late 1974, these records have been kept under deep cover. The files can no longer be released to outsiders without permission of the student or his parents. Moreover, the new law denies federal funds to any school or college that does not allow parents to inspect, challenge, or refuse public use of their children's school records.

On the surface, the law, pushed through Congress by New York Senator James Buckley, is a major victory for student rights. Yet many educators are now complaining that the legislation, in addition to giving them headaches, has harmed their students more than it has helped them.

The biggest change brought about by the Buckley law is in the letters of recommendation that high school principals, teachers and guidance counselors write to colleges. Now that parents (and their lawyers) can see the records, high school officials have become more wary of writing negative letters; they fear that they will be sued. At San Rafael High School near San Francisco, some teachers now write "I won't answer this because of the Buckley law" across the letter forms. At Lee High School, in New Haven, Conn., Laura Stewart, head of the guidance department, refuses to

check the "I do—do not—recommend this student" on the forms. Explains Joseph Doohan, principal of Edgemont High School in Scarsdale, N.Y.: "Many teachers aren't interested in getting into the hassle that might come from honest but critical assessments."

Many colleges, in turn, are looking suspiciously at the letters that come in. Harold Doughty, director of admissions at New York University, notes that "recommendations are more bland, less reliable and less frank." Says Richard Lyman, president of Stanford University: "Letters of recommendation, one suspects, have long been subject to a debasement of the coinage. And now the drive to make them freely available to the persons about whom they are written seems perfectly designed to administer the *coup de grâce*."

Ego Boost. As a result, colleges are forced to place greater emphasis upon test scores. Says Fred Jewett, dean of admissions at Harvard: "This could hurt the nontraditional candidate. Tests may not be as good a measure of his academic performance as other things, such as comments from teachers who know his work." Indeed students, the supposed beneficiaries of Buckley's efforts, do not seem overwhelmingly grateful for the law. A few, like Wilma Schiller at Brown University, have asked to see their records "as an ego boost after the debacle of exams"; others want to make sure their recommendations are fair. But at some schools the majority of students have signed waivers (legal under an amendment to the Buckley law) giving up their right to see the letters of recommendation. At Columbia University 125 students out of a total of 15,700 have asked to see their files since the Buckley law went into effect. Across the nation, only 100 complaints have been lodged with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which is charged with regulating the law; most of these involve denial of access to records or unauthorized disclosure of the files.

One area where the Buckley law seems to be working as intended is in protecting student privacy. Colleges are no longer required to hand over files at the request of the Army, the FBI, probation officers or the police. In fact, the only major lawsuit resulting so far from the new law was filed in behalf of Mexican-American children in California. Under state law, the superintendent of schools was required to turn over certain school records to the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service; this aided agents searching for illegal aliens. But a Los Angeles judge ruled that the Buckley law superseded the state law and ordered the superintendent to keep the records secret—setting what educators hope is an important precedent.



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IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Kansas City Water Department engineer takes a sample of Missouri River water for use in some of the 1,200 laboratory tests conducted every day.

New efficiency in purifying 'Big Muddy'

Each day the Kansas City, Missouri Water Department has the enormous job of pumping and purifying 100 million gallons of water from the Missouri River, which by the time it gets to Kansas City, has really earned its nickname, "Big Muddy."

In the summer of 1973, the city water department installed an IBM computer to help it operate more efficiently. The computer's immediate contribution was in more productive use of electricity. The average peak

power demand per million gallons pumped has been cut by 13 per cent, and city officials say the system has more than paid its way in power savings.

More recently, programs have been developed to use the computer to improve procedures in the purification process itself. The department conducts an average of 1,200 laboratory tests a day. That figure may rise to 6,000 a day in the winter and spring when rapid variations in the quality of the river water make the process of water

purification most difficult.

According to water department officials, the computer helps the staff respond more quickly to changes in the river and to reduce the overall use of chemicals needed to purify the water. The result is consistently better drinking water with greater control of costs for the people of Kansas City.

Less paperwork for policemen

The police in Longview, Texas report spending more time on patrol and less on paperwork since installing IBM typing and dictating equipment. Immediately after investigating a crime or an accident, an officer dictates his report from the nearest phone. It is recorded and typed in draft by a clerk. The typewriter then produces final copies automatically at 150 words-a-minute. According to police officials, the system gives patrolmen and detectives more time to do the most important parts of their jobs. It also provides fuller, more accurate reports because the officers dictate them while the facts are still fresh in their minds.



Practical texts help math teachers and students

According to a recent survey, 61 per cent of Americans between the ages of 26 and 35 can't decide whether the "large economy size" in a grocery store is really more economical, and 60 per cent can't figure out the cost of new carpeting for a room.

To better equip children for such everyday calculations, a highly effective math program for elementary schools has been developed by Science Research Associates, a subsidiary of IBM. In two years of field tests across the country, student achievement scores were 15-49 per cent higher than normally expected for grades one through eight. The program now is being adopted for regular use by many schools nationwide.



Teacher Susan Phillips of Underwood Hills School in Omaha involves students in solving math problem.



Financial assistant Marcia Shannon, using small computer, finds she can complete reports in an hour that used to take two or three days.

Small computer proves effective tool in managing small business

In today's economic climate, business management is becoming increasingly complex. Large companies have been able to keep pace with this complexity by using modern data processing techniques. But in the past many small businesses simply could not afford the necessary equipment.

IBM's System/32, a computer specially designed for small business, was introduced to meet this need. The first company to install it was Midwest Industries, an Omaha, Nebraska construction firm. Within a month the company was making significant savings.

"When we did our job cost reports manually, they could get so far behind that it was nearly impossible to make meaningful management decisions," says Midwest chairman Al Daubman. "Today, all our information is kept right

up to date on the computer. We can look at each current project and try various adjustments to increase our productivity and profitability. We've already found and corrected one problem that was costing us three times what we're paying for the computer."

The System/32 is the first IBM computer to be marketed with complete industry application packages available right from the start. This enabled Midwest to begin producing reports the day after the computer was installed.

"Our reports are much more readable than they were before, with far more accuracy," says financial assistant, Marcia Shannon. "With the System/32, I can now complete a report in one hour that previously took me two to three days to do by hand."

Administrative productivity helps hospital meet growth problem

With the rise in the demand for health care, many small hospitals need to increase productivity in handling the reports required by government and private health insurance programs.

Taft Hospital, in San Patricio County, Texas faced such a productivity problem in 1973. Taft had 40 beds, 112 employees, two doctors—and 60 per cent of its patients on Medicare or Medicaid. Taft met the challenge by installing a small IBM computer. "We were facing a three-month backlog of paperwork," says hospital administrator Leo Davis, "and it was getting worse every day, with more requests for reports. Before we developed our computer system we simply couldn't comply."

Today, according to Mr. Davis, the hospital's paperwork stays current with the help of the computer. This, he says, has made it possible for Taft to contemplate future growth. Since solving the problem, the hospital has increased its staff by four doctors and is adding 40 new beds this year.

IBM

Volaré



The accent is on comfort... and space.

The comfort in our new kind of small wagon starts with the doors. There are 4, not 2, like some other small wagons. And every one of those doors is wide for easy entry.

You and your packages. Handled with care.

The comfort and convenience extends to handy storage compartments. And a liftgate with gas pressure props for easy opening (they disappear when closed).

Inside, Volaré has 70% as much cargo space as an average full-size wagon. And yet it is 2 feet shorter, 1,200 lbs. lighter and \$1,500 less expensive.

Small wagon efficiency. Big wagon ride.

The Volaré is very easy on gas. According to E.P.A. estimated mileage results, of all Volarés, the



wagon did best—30 mpg on the highway, 18 in the city—equipped with 6-cylinder engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and optional equipment.*

The Volaré is easy on you, too. Because it has an Isolated Transverse Suspension System (pat. pend.) that gives you a smooth, comfortable ride like a big car.

And here's "The Clincher"

For the first 12 months of use any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts and labor,

any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use. Regardless of mileage. The owner is responsible for maintenance services such as changing filters and wiper blades.

And the part about "regardless of mileage" is especially nice. Because Volaré is one wagon you're going to love to drive. Volaré.

The new small wagon from Plymouth.

*In California, see your dealer for engine availability and mileage data for California equipped vehicles.



ENSIGN VERNON BERG

The Bisexual and The Navy

Ensign Vernon Berg III, 24, is Navy all the way—son of a Navy chaplain, and a 1974 Annapolis graduate who once dated the daughter of the academy's former superintendent Vice Admiral William P. Mack. He is also an avowed bisexual fighting dismissal from the service for homosexual behavior. At his discharge hearing before a five-officer board last week in Norfolk, Admiral Mack was on hand to defend him.

Berg, once president of the student body at Frank Cox High School in Virginia Beach, Va., was an average student at the academy and dated girls frequently. Last July, after the Navy heard reports about his sexual life and began an investigation, Berg resigned and was transferred from the Sixth Fleet flagship *Little Rock* to Norfolk Naval Base for discharge. Meanwhile, he read of the struggle by Air Force Technical Sergeant Leonard Matlovich (TIM), June 9) to challenge the armed services' ban on homosexuals. Berg too decided to fight. He had the full support of his family, including his father, Commander Vernon Berg Jr., a Protestant chaplain at Great Lakes, Ill. Naval Training Center. Said Commander Berg, "Some people are born lefthanded and some righthanded. In our family we accept people as they are."

Avowed Sexuality. The Government's chief witness, Journalist Second Class Laurent Crofwell, 28, testified that Berg made a pass at him last year in Italy. Berg denied the charge. While admitting homosexual acts with three civilian males during the past seven years—plus heterosexual activity—Berg denied having sex with anyone in the armed forces, and called for a lie detector test to prove it. Berg does not advocate blanket acceptance of "blatant" homosexuals or bisexuals, but thinks he

should be judged solely on his competence as a naval officer and his ability to keep his sex life separate.

Admiral Mack, 60, proved as unconventional at the Norfolk hearings as he had last August, when he shook up the Navy with a speech blaming U.S. failure in Viet Nam on minds closed to dissenting opinion. Mack testified that he knew Berg only during his academy days, but on that basis thinks the ensign should be kept in the Navy. Johns Hopkins Sex Specialist John W. Money, an expert witness, told the board that psychological tests showed Berg to be highly intelligent, balanced and creative. Said Money: "If the Navy can be broad-minded enough not to stigmatize him because of his avowed sexuality, he will have no trouble."

The Navy argued that its personnel "should be able to live in close association" without exposure "to a homosexual atmosphere." With a decision due this week, few observers think Berg will be a Navy man much longer.

Discreet Victory

While American feminists are still smarting from 1975 setbacks to the drive for federal and state equal-rights amendments, British women are celebrating—discreetly, of course—a major victory on the same front. Traditionally a man's land, Britain late last year began to see the effects of wide-ranging laws guaranteeing women equal pay and opportunity in government, business and education. An Equal Opportunities Commission headed by Laborite Betty Lockwood has been created to enforce

the new laws, and unions are preparing test cases for female members. In its first two weeks the commission was inundated with more than 2,500 inquiries about sexual discrimination.

Nerving Women. One big catch to British-style equal rights is that the new laws are not the result of a militant feminist campaign or a change in public sentiment, but rather have been lobbied through Parliament by progressive Laborites. Feminist leaders say it may take years before social attitudes catch up with the laws. The commission is also finding it difficult to nerve women for court battles over their grievances.

With decorum the unwritten law of the land, the acts so far have produced the first ripples of change. London's Sotheby's, the internationally famed art auction house, has named Libby Howie, 24, as the first female auctioneer in its 232-year history. Linette Simms, 43, black and the mother of six, is now tooling along as the first woman among 350 male London school-bus drivers after previously being turned down because of her sex. And in advertising, notices now solicit "secretaries" instead of "dolly birds."

The one well-publicized exception to dignified behavior, an invasion of all-male drinking territory, washed out completely. When four female journalists plunked down a five-pound note and demanded drinks at the bar of El Vino, a Fleet Street bistro, they were rebuffed. Righto, said one veteran equal-rights advocate, female novelist Storm Jameson, who fired off a letter to the London *Times* calling the quartet "damnable undignified and ill bred."

LIBBY HOWIE, FIRST FEMALE ART AUCTIONEER IN SOOTHEY'S 232-YEAR HISTORY





L-1011 JETLINERS—SOME NOT YET CLAIMED—PARKED AT LOCKHEED PLANT IN PALMDALE, CALIF.

STRIKE—THE NEW YORK TIMES

AIRCRAFT

No Market for the Jumbos

A scene outside Lockheed Aircraft Corp.'s assembly plant in Palmdale, Calif., symbolizes the condition of the \$4.7 billion U.S. commercial aircraft industry today. There, glinting in the desert sun, stand five immense L-1011 TriStar jetliners, each worth \$23 million. At first glance, they seem ready for delivery. The lettering on two of them spells out the name of Court Line, a British charter airline. The other three wear the bright symbol of Pacific Southwest Airlines' "grinning birds"—a broad smile painted under their striped cockpits. But Court went bankrupt in 1974, and PSA's business was so bad that ungrinning ex-

ecutives could not take the L-1011s. So Lockheed has been stuck with the five planes, which are parked on a ramp awaiting buyers.

It will probably be a long wait. Not only Lockheed but the entire U.S. commercial aircraft industry is in such a deep slump that there is no market for surplus planes. Worldwide deliveries of U.S.-made jetliners tumbled from 332 planes in 1974 to 282 last year. Jumbo jets, the big-ticket items, led the dive: McDonnell Douglas (revenues through September 1975: \$2.6 billion) sold 14 of its DC-10s in 1974, but got orders for only eleven in the first nine months of

1975. Boeing (\$2.7 billion through September) watched its sales of 747s drop from 29 in 1974 to 20 last year. And Lockheed (\$2.5 billion through September), which won 28 orders for the TriStar in 1974, did not get even one last year. (Military business, which accounts for more than half of each company's revenues, and deliveries of jetliners under old orders muffled the impact on profits.)

More bad news is ahead. The authoritative Aerospace Industries Association predicts that commercial-transport sales this year will not exceed 215 planes. That means still fewer jobs in an industry whose direct employment had already fallen from 973,000 people in 1974 to 921,000 last year. The expected total next December: 903,000. When subcontractors' layoffs and the ripple effect on housing and other in-

After \$3 billion in development costs and years of delay, the supersonic Concorde went into commercial service last week. An Air France plane made an inaugural flight from Paris to Rio de Janeiro; a British Airways craft flew from London to Bahrain. Aboard the Rio flight was Chris English, a TIME Washington Bureau copy clerk whose hobby is flying commercial airliners (since 1969 he has logged 412,000 air miles). TIME London Bureau Chief Herman Nickel flew to Bahrain. Their accounts follow, along with their ratings of their flights on factors other than speed (four airplanes was the highest possible).

PARIS TO RIO. 5,741 miles; total time: 6 hr. 30 min. (plus a 1-hr. refueling stop); v. the usual 11 hr. 55 min.; fare: \$1,434, v. \$1,195 standard first class; comfort rating:



Supersonic Debut: Two Views

My seat, 6-D on starboard, was comfortable without being luxurious, about equal to a DC-9 in coach. Engine start-up seemed quiet,* although I was some distance forward in cabin 1.

No one clapped or cheered at lift-off. We climbed steeply into a cloud bank. By the time we were out of it, our speed was nearly that of a conventional jetliner. Aside from a brief sinking feeling shortly after takeoff the flight was remarkably smooth in accelerating. A "mach meter," an aerial speedometer, in view of passengers in the first few rows reached mach 1. There were gasps and cheers. Then came an announcement from the cockpit: "Ladies and gen-

tlemen, you have just become the first 100 passengers in the history of the world to pass the speed of sound in a scheduled flight." [Actually, some passengers aboard the Soviet TU-144 were first.]

Champagne flowed at a rate that rivaled that of the Olympus engines' fuel consumption. At mach 2 (1,320 m.p.h.) which we passed without a tremor, came the food—smoked salmon, rib of veal, chateau potatoes, cheese, apricot pastry, Chablis Vaudeir and Chateau Haut-Brion, plus liqueurs. Many passengers gave the smoothness of supersonic flight the ultimate compliment; they fell asleep. We touched down in Dakar, West Africa, right on schedule, refueled and were on our way to Rio in an hour. A minor engine problem held our speed below mach 1 for an extra 20 min., but it was corrected and we landed in Rio

*To observers outside, the Concorde's engines seem anything but quiet. Takeoff noise, as measured at London's Heathrow Airport, was four times as loud as that produced by a 747 jumbo jet.

dustries in plant towns are added in, the sag in the airplane industry might well be a drag on the nation's economic recovery.

As recently as 1972, the industry seemed to be an engine thrusting the economy higher. But then came the wave of increases in oil prices. Aviation fuel, which even at 11¢ per gal. in 1973 represented 20% of an airplane's operating costs, soared to 33¢ in the U.S. (72¢ abroad). The climb at least doubled the fuel portion of each jumbo jet's operating costs. Inflation drove up landing fees, insurance rates, wages. To stay solvent, the airlines had to hike fares.

No Growth. Most of the boosts came in the midst of the recession, and would-be passengers saved money by staying home. Air travel in the U.S. had increased by 14% a year through the late '60s, then flattened out, but jumped 12% in 1972. It rose 6% in 1973, a mere 1% in 1974, and last year showed almost no growth at all. Pan Am, Eastern, American and Trans World Airlines plunged deep into the red. Not surprisingly, airlines ordered few new jets. Even United, the biggest U.S. airline and one that is still flying at a profit, could not justify more planes. Last fall it dropped plans to buy a fleet of 20 "reshuffled" versions of Boeing's 727.

A resurgence of air travel could reverse the trend, but only if it were of startling—and unlikely—proportions. Says one Wall Street analyst: "The airlines could handle a 10% growth in passengers without buying a single new plane. They have been flying at least that many empty seats for a couple of years." As the aircraft manufacturers see it, new orders will not pick up before mid-1977.

Meanwhile, the planemakers are counting on military orders to speed development of new wing shapes and quieter, more powerful engines, both of which might eventually lead to improvements in commercial planes. An order for cargo transports that has pitted McDonnell Douglas' YC-15 against Boeing's YC-14 could have that effect. The manufacturers are also trying to adapt existing jetliners to new uses. Boeing has already developed a smaller version of its original jumbo jet called the 747SP. It will carry 100 fewer passengers (capacity: 280 seats), burn 10% less fuel and fly much faster than its parent. These advantages persuaded Pan Am officials to stretch the airline's thin financial resources to lease five of the planes for the New York-to-Tokyo run. Boeing also plans a brand new 180- to 200-seat medium-range 7X7, which should roll off the production lines in the early 1980s—just in time to compete with McDonnell Douglas' DC-X-200 and Lockheed's "mini-trijet" derivative of the L-1011.

Ironically, the slump in the U.S. jetliner business seems to have spurred old competitors to new heights. By far the most noteworthy planes of 1975—the Concorde supersonic transport, the medium-range, twin-engined Airbus A300B and the short-range Fokker VFW-614—were built by European consortiums. None of these craft pose an immediate threat to U.S. pre-eminence in the world market. But the European planes are of such quality that U.S. manufacturers now must watch not only one another but foreigners determined to open new horizons of excitement and speed in air travel.


OUTLOOK

Slowing in '77?

In past years, the annual report of the President's Council of Economic Advisers provided the first glimpse of an Administration's view of the economic road ahead. The report for 1976, out this week, mainly makes official what had been widely known to be the Government's expectations. It forecasts 6% to 6.5% growth in real gross national product, about 6% inflation, an average of 7.7% unemployment; all those figures are in line with predictions that private economists have been publicizing for months. More interesting, the report also predicts a slowing of this already modest recovery in 1977, and implies that the slowdown will be necessary to keep inflation from flaring up and cutting off the recovery in later years.


Safety First. According to the CIA, the slowing will be to a 5.7% growth rate in 1977, and that will permit a small further reduction in unemployment, to 6.9% next year. Actually, TIME has learned, all of the officials on whom Ford leans most heavily for economic counsel—CIA Chairman Alan Greenspan, Treasury Secretary William Simon, Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns—believe that the recovery will be more vigorous in both 1976 and 1977 than the report predicts. But to be safe, the CIA stuck with the numbers coming out of its computers.

Nonetheless, the policymakers all think it necessary to keep a tight rein on the recovery, primarily by holding



at 4:10 p.m. local time, 40 min. behind schedule. It didn't matter. We had sipped Guey Chamberlain (1961) at twice the speed of sound.

LONDON TO BAHRAIN. 3,515 miles; total time: 4 hr. 10 min.; v. the regular 6 hr. 20 min.; fare: \$686, v. \$597 standard first class; comfort rating:



The flight was fairly routine until we reached supersonic speed. It then became a new and exhilarating sensation—like having the carpet of the world map magically moved away from you. Just 20 min. after Venice, the heel of the Italian boot had been reached. Mo-

ments later, Greece flashed by on the left, and soon Crete and Cyprus were behind us, too. The yellow-brown dusk of the desert began to descend as Captain Norman Todd of British Airways throttled back and glided toward Bahrain, a 231-sq.-mi. island of oil rigs, a refinery and an aluminum smelter; it is a key stopover on the air route to Australia.

In terms of space, Concorde seems like a throwback to the cramped piston age. "Mind your head," warned the steward as I boarded and made my way to my seat in the long cigar-tube fuselage. If your seat is near one of the tiny windows, you notice the sharp curvature of the fuselage. The reading light is close to your head. In supersonic flight, the windows warm up and the cabin tends to get a bit stuffy.

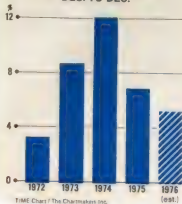
We were served by an efficient crew that had gained experience on Concorde demonstration flights. But with TV crews and interviewers blocking the narrow aisle, even they had difficulty coping with the limited space. The tiny galleys produced two hot-food choices: duck and steak. I chose steak, and it arrived thoroughly overdone, though upgraded by a prior portion of caviar and lobster hors d'oeuvres and a fine 1970 Château Branc-Cantenac. The passengers did not seem to mind the limited menu or the out-of-the-way destination. Said the Duchess of Argyll, 62: "I would have flown her anywhere."

A postscript: Nickel returned to London by subsonic jet, taking 9½ hr. door to door, including stops in Vienna and Amsterdam. The Concorde carries 100 passengers from London to Bahrain, but only 71 the other way: takeoff temperatures, head winds and weather delays in Europe require more fuel.



CONSUMER PRICE INDEX

ANNUAL COMPARISON
DEC. TO DEC.



down federal spending, as Ford recommended in last week's budget. Thus a cautious theme runs throughout the CEA report: high unemployment must be endured in the short run to achieve higher employment in the long run. As Ford writes in a message preceding the report: "Overly rapid growth could lead to a renewed increase in inflation that would ultimately be self-defeating."

Critics' Complaint. Liberal critics note disapprovingly that the CEA report forecasts a 6% inflation in 1977 as well as in 1976, and that that would represent hardly any improvement over the 6.2% annual rate at which consumer prices rose in December (the increase during 1975, December to December, was 7%, down from 12.2% in 1974). "That is the most depressing feature," says Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists. "What are we buying with this moderation of recovery?" The liberals argue that the nation could afford faster growth with little if any more inflation.

The CEA report implies that holding down the budget will allow the Federal Reserve to pursue a more stimulative monetary policy without fanning inflation. Spending restraint, the report indicates, will also leave open the option of more or larger tax cuts if the economy needs them, and ultimately shift the use of U.S. output in the direction of more investment rather than consumption. Even so, the CEA says that new incentives for savings and investment will probably be needed if the U.S. is to reach "full employment"—now defined as any jobless rate less than 5%—after 1980. A Commerce Department study endorsed by the CEA concludes that business fixed investment would have to rise to an annual rate of about

12% of G.N.P. between now and 1980—less than 9.5% expected for 1976—in order to create the jobs needed for full employment. The alternative would be to scrap present laws that call for significant further improvement in pollution controls, which require large investments. The nation would also have to forget about achieving "relative energy independence"—modestly defined as holding oil imports to the 1973-74 level of 36% of domestic consumption. That will require still more investment.

Short range, the darkest cloud hanging over the CEA's forecasts is money-supply policy. The Federal Reserve

Board has lately been undershooting Burns' own target of a 5% to 7.5% annual rate of increase: the nation's money supply has grown at an annual rate of only 2.7% in the past three months. The CEA report asks: Will money-supply growth be appropriate? Its answer: Yes. But that yes is based on Burns' target, not on actual performance, and some economists at the CEA are afraid that the Federal Reserve will not produce on schedule. That and the possibility of a wage explosion resulting from 1976's major round of labor-contract negotiations are the principal dangers to even the modest recovery the CEA foresees.

STOCK MARKET

In the Grip of a 'Buying Panic'

Despite heavy flurries of profit taking, the stock market last week continued its astonishing January upsurge. Moving upward on three of the five trading days, the Dow Jones industrial average rose a total 24.32 points to close the week at a lofty 953.95, the highest mark since October 1973. In fact, since the market suddenly came alive after the new year, the Dow Jones industrials have gained a striking 101.54 points for one of the steepest rises on record.

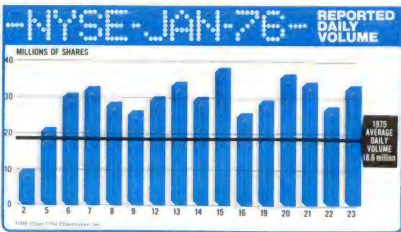
Trading volume has soared as dramatically as the prices. During 1975 an average of 18.6 million shares changed hands on the New York Stock Exchange each trading day. So far in January, daily volume has exceeded that level by 59% (see chart) and has set a number of records. Among them: the highest weekly volume (161.7 million shares last week) and the most shares ever traded on a single day (38.5 million on Jan. 15). Volume has exceeded 30 million shares on nine of the 16 trading days in January. By contrast, on the wildest day of the 1929 crash, 16.4 million shares were traded, establishing a record that stood for 39 years.

Most Wall Streeters are convinced that the immense volume is a strongly

bullish sign. They note that even when stock prices dipped briefly last week, they did not go down nearly as much as might have been predicted after so large and so rapid a climb. "We are surprised that the market has run so fast and performed so consistently," says Gary Helms, chief investment strategist at L.F. Rothschild & Co.

The startling spurt in volume reflects a fortunate confluence of willing sellers and even more eager buyers. Odd-lot statistics (those on trades of fewer than 100 shares) indicate that the sellers are largely individual investors. Many had ridden their stocks up from the market's 1974 low of 577.6 on the Dow Jones average, and now stood to recover some of their earlier losses or, in some cases, to pocket profits. As 663 of the 2,111 issues on the Big Board touched 1975-76 highs last week, some of their owners began to sell.

So far this month there have been more than enough buyers to snap up the shares. Some were speculators who had sold "naked calls"—that is, speculators had sold to other investors options to bid at pre-fixed prices stocks that the sellers of the options did not own. As the deadline approached two weeks ago



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

for the options to be exercised, the option sellers had to rush into the market to buy shares to cover their commitments. In turn, the buyers often turned right around and resold the same shares for an immediate profit. Another large group of stock buyers consisted of European investors. Calculating correctly that the U.S. economy is recovering from recession faster than the economies of their home countries, these foreign investors hurried to buy American stocks.

Block Trades. The strongest buying push came from American institutional investors—mutual funds, pension funds, insurance companies and bank trust departments. Many had failed to get in on the first phase of the bull market that began in December 1974; throughout 1975 they kept an unusually high share of their assets in cash or short-term fixed-income securities. As the market began to move sharply upward after New Year's Day, the institutions' managers were determined not to be left behind again. Brokers spoke of a "buying panic" to describe the institutions' stampede into the market. Each day stock tickers carried bulletins about an unparalleled number of trades in blocks of 10,000 shares or more, on one day a record 317 such block trades took place. Significantly, the blocks usually changed hands "on the uptick"—Wall Street slang for a trade that takes place at a price higher than the price on the last previous trade in the same stock.

Although the New York Exchange ticker in recent days had run as much as 30 minutes late, the explosion of volume has caused none of the back-office foul-ups that afflicted brokers during the heavy trading of 1968-69. Then mountains of paper piled up on desks, causing long delays in delivery of stock certificates; now the paper is being moved expeditiously, largely because of automation and computerization of brokerage offices. Indeed, the surge in trading is a boon to brokers. Since last May 1, they have been forced by the Securities and Exchange Commission to negotiate commissions on all trades—and in many cases have trimmed commissions charged to institutional investors by 40% to 50%. The gigantic volume is more than making up for the lower fees on each trade. If volume continues high, prosperity will return in full bloom to Wall Street.

REGULATION

Death of a Dye

Without it, instant chocolate pudding would be greenish, artificially flavored grape soda would look blue, and cake mixes would have a lemony-green tinge. The substance is Red Dye No. 2, which has been used for decades to brighten up innumerable products, including frankfurter casings, pet foods, ice cream, gravies, makeup and myriad



red pills. About 1 million pounds of the coal-tar-based stuff—a \$5 million industry in itself—have ended up annually in more than \$10 billion worth of foods, drugs and cosmetics.

Now all that is ending. Last week the Food and Drug Administration rescinded its provisional approval of Red No. 2 because its safety could not be established. The FDA's most recent tests showed a significant increase in cancer among aged female rats that had been fed large doses of the dye. Commissioner Alexander Schmidt stressed that the FDA found "no evidence of a public health hazard" from products made with the dye; according to one manufacturer, a human would have to drink 7,500 12-oz. cans of soda pop containing Red No. 2 every day to reach the rats' level of consumption. Accordingly, the FDA will let companies sell completed products made with Red No. 2, but forbids them to use the dye any longer.

The ruling was more than 15 years in the making. In 1960 the FDA got jurisdiction over color additives and gave provisional approval to substances already in use, making the approval permanent when safety had been proved. The agency extended Red No. 2's provisional status 14 times as tests continued. In 1971, however, a Russian study linked cancer to Red No. 2, and consumerists in the U.S. stepped up pressure on the FDA to ban the dye. Some now feel that the agency should have ordered the recall of goods containing it. Says Lawyer Anita Johnson of the Public Citizen's Health Research Group: "It is a charade to say it's safe to eat it now, but not a year from now."

Anyway, the dye is cast out, and manufacturers are shifting to a substitute: Red Dye No. 40, which the FDA considers safe. Several manufacturers, including Armour, General Mills, Nabisco and Revlon, say that they stopped using Red No. 2 long ago; others, such as Borden and Ralston Purina, are in the last stages of the change-over. General Foods, which used Red No. 2 in some flavors of Jell-O, Kool-Aid and Gaines pet foods, says it stopped a week before the FDA ruling.

PRODUCTS ONCE COLORED BY RED NO. 2
A greener chocolate pudding?

The ruling may push up the price of many consumer products. Red No. 40 costs \$8.50 per lb., vs. \$5.50 for No. 2, and manufacturers have to use 30% to 50% more of it to get the same color intensity as with Red No. 2. Even then, the colors do not come out quite the same, so chocolate pudding may look a bit greener. Some potential losers from the FDA ruling: New York's Crompton & Knowles, Chicago's Stange Co., Cincinnati's Hilton-Davis Chemical Co. They relied on Red No. 2 for up to 25% of sales, and lack—for now—a license to make No. 40. The big winner, Allied Chemical, which owns the patent on No. 40 and licenses other companies to make it under the name Allura.

AUTOS

Beyond the Beetle

A year ago, West Germany's Volkswagenwerk AG was fast running out of gas. In 1974 it had lost a staggering \$313 million—more than any of the world's business organizations except Britain's government-owned National Coal Board (1974 loss: \$316 million). There were widespread fears that world recession would compound the troubles.



VOLKSWAGEN'S FAST-SELLING RABBIT (OR GOLF) FOUR-DOOR HATCHBACK MODEL
A diesel engine for Europe, an assembly plant for the U.S.

enough to force a government takeover. Today VW is on the road back to prosperity. It will still report a loss—perhaps \$100 million to \$150 million—for 1975, but almost all of that was suffered in the first half. Managing Director Toni Schmücker told TIME Correspondent Henry Muller that VW has been operating in the black since August and expects to show a profit in 1976.

New Models. Volkswagen's comeback partly reflects a boom in auto sales in Germany, where registrations last year were only a hair short of the record 2.15 million of 1971. But to get back into the black, the company had to slash labor costs and wean itself away from the product that made it famous: the Beetle. As late as 1972, VW made 1.2 million Beetles worldwide, selling a third of them to the U.S. Since 1971, revaluation of the deutsche mark has lifted the Beetle's price to around \$3,500, from about \$2,000, and the car's unchanging look has lost popularity. Today Volkswagen builds only a token 300 Beetles a day in Germany for sale to sentimentalists; another 1,800 are assembled in plants outside Europe.

To replace the Beetle and other slow-selling models, Volkswagen and its subsidiary Audi NSU have introduced five new cars in the past 3½ years. Among them: the Rabbit—called the Golf in Germany, where it is currently the top-selling car. A success on both sides of the Atlantic, the Rabbit will be offered in Europe late this year with a 45-h.p. diesel engine. Since the oil crisis, diesel-powered cars, such as the bigger Mercedes and French-built Peugeot, have grown in popularity in Europe, largely because they use cheaper fuel, and less of it.

The strategy for propelling Volkswagen beyond the Beetle was laid out by the company's former managing director, Rudolf Leiding, who launched a \$1 billion program to design new models in the early 1970s. When Leiding quit under fire a year ago, he was replaced by Schmücker, 54, a 30-year veteran of Ford's European operation. One of Schmücker's first moves at Volkswagen was to offer up to \$6,000 tax-free to workers who would quit. Some 24,000, or 17% of the company's German work force, accepted. That cost VW about \$65 million, but it has increased productiv-

ity. Explains Schmücker: "This company has got to learn to build more with fewer people."

Schmücker is also pushing to shift part of the company's assembly operations to the U.S. That would free VW's pricing policies from the vagaries of the exchange rate between the deutsche mark and the dollar, and thus prevent a further erosion of U.S. sales, which last year fell to 268,000 units from 335,000 in 1974. VW directors may approve plans for U.S. production within a few months, and Schmücker confirms that company officials are scouting plant sites in the Detroit-Cleveland-Pittsburgh area. One site that may be receiving serious consideration: a Chrysler plant at New Stanton, Pa., that was built in 1969 but never used. To be profitable, any U.S. plant would have to turn out at least 200,000 cars a year. Schmücker's sights are set higher. An American plant, he believes, could help catapult Volkswagen's U.S. sales back to 500,000 a year—a level of success it has not enjoyed since 1971.

CORPORATIONS

Pronto to the Rescue

Almost from the time George Eastman fathered the snapshot, the biggest profits in the photography business have come from selling not cameras but film. Now Polaroid Corp., Eastman Kodak's biggest competitor in the \$3 billion U.S. amateur photography market, is looking to cash in heavily on the same idea. This spring it will offer its supersophisticated SX-70 self-developing picture technology in a new camera called Pronto. Lighter and less cumbersome than the SX-70 original, with improved electronic circuitry, the black plastic Pronto will list for \$66 but probably will be reduced by discounters to about \$50—a third of the \$150 that the highest priced SX-70 sells for at discount. Yet it does the same thing that the more expensive SX-70s do: at a touch of the shutter button, a white card is released that develops into a color picture before the viewer's eyes.

Wall Street analysts

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

quickly saw the Pronto for what it was—a marketing tool to boost sales of SX-70 film and help Polaroid recoup the \$350 million that it spent developing the SX-70 system. They predicted sales of 2 to 3 million Prontos annually, providing a hungry market for SX-70 film packs, which contain batteries to power the camera and sell at discount for about \$5 each. Some analysts chided Polaroid for wasting time in descending from the unnecessarily complex SX-70 original to the simpler Pronto. Said E.F. Hutton Vice President Marvin Saffian: "If the Pronto had been introduced in 1972, it would have saved a lot of money, a lot of reputations and a lot of jobs on Wall Street."

Dead Batteries. He is not exaggerating. In anticipation of the SX-70's debut, investors bid the price of Polaroid as high as \$149 a share in 1972—at about the time that Polaroid's Founding Genius Edwin H. Land first demonstrated the camera to shareholders. By 1974, the stock's price had plunged as low as \$14; it closed last week at \$36. Like many other issues, Polaroid's stock was clipped by the vicious shake-out among high flying glamour stocks.

But the worst of the company's problems stemmed from the SX-70. From the moment it was marketed nationally in 1973, sales were respectable for so high-priced a camera (then \$180 before discounting) but below expectations. Users complained of dead batteries in fresh film packs and bad pictures—"wash-outs" from manual flash picture adjustments that were too complicated, poor color reproduction, even loss of such details as eyebrows that failed to appear in fully developed photos. Polaroid's earnings plunged from \$66 million in 1970 to \$28 million in 1974, and that year the company's lagging fortunes forced it to lay off 1,000 workers.

Polaroid countered by coming out with two cheaper SX-70s, exterminating the bugs from the film packs, and going into the battery-making business itself to ensure quality—all at great cost. Last year sales rose 4% to a record \$800 million, and profits probably about doubled. That performance, plus the Pronto's potential, should put Polaroid in a good position to do battle with Eastman Kodak, which is expected to enter the instant-picture market at about the time of the Pronto's national debut. Supersecretive Kodak is not saying just what kind of system it will market. Whatever it is, Polaroid President William J. McCune Jr., 60, who has taken over the company's day-to-day operations from Founder Land, says that

Polaroid has been "planning for it." A \$4 million Pronto advertising blitz is in preparation. Already an improved SX-70 film is in the works, and analysts have no doubt that an even cheaper Pronto will soon follow the first one.



POLAROID'S NEW CAMERA

Campbell's Manhandlers have what it takes to handle a hungry fan.



I'm a lucky guy. I've got a son who shares my love for sports and my taste for Manhandlers. So when we're hungry for a hearty snack, we take a fast time-out, heat up a can of Campbell's Beef Soup or Hot Dog Bean or Manhattan Clam Chowder, pile some crackers on a plate and just relax and enjoy. If this is the Campbell Life, I'm all for it.



**Give me the
Campbell Life.**

Malcolm Hereford was an inventive and crusty old hedonist who made his fortune breeding bulls.

A stubborn man, he did things to his liking, regardless.

He liked "strong drink."

But not its taste.

Or its smell.

So, he did as only he would do.

He turned his considerable resources to creating drinks to please all the senses.

He succeeded with a blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits.

Each is spirited.

Each pleasant tasting.

Each pleasing to the eye.

And each smooth and light to the palate.

Once done, and with the final iconoclastic twist of wit,

he named them "COWS."

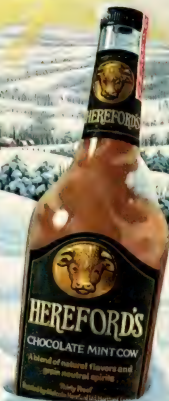
We heard of Malcolm's private "herd."

And found them to be a delicious and spirited new breed of drink.

So, with Malcolm's blessing, we've turned them loose.

Try them on-the-rocks or chilled. You'll discover one thing for sure:

A Cow-on-the-rocks is not a bum steer.



INTRODUCING MALCOLM HEREFORD'S 30 PROOF COWS.

The Spirited New Breed of Drink.

Did you know there's a way to STOP advertising mail you don't want?

You can now get your name off—or on—advertising mailing lists by writing the Mail Preference Service of the Direct Mail/Marketing Association



By CELIA WALLACE

Whether you realize it or not, you are exposed to over 300 advertising messages per day while you watch TV, read newspapers and magazines and ride the highways. And there is no easy way to "turn off" these messages.

But if you don't want to receive advertising mail, there's a simple, effective way to stop most of it. Just contact the Direct Mail/Marketing Association (DMMA), a group of businesses that use mail to advertise their products and services, and they'll send you a *name-removal* form.

Think you want to be taken off mailing lists?

According to Robert F. DeLay, President of the DMMA, once you've returned the name-removal form you should notice a substantial decrease in the amount of mail advertising you receive. "But," he added, "very often people take steps to get their names removed from mailing lists, objecting to what they consider 'junk mail.' But then later decide maybe it isn't so bad after all when they consider some of the good offers that come through unsolicited third class mail. Such as catalogs, new product samples, chances at sweepstakes, introductory offers from magazines, and coupons that knock a dime or so off prices at the supermarket or drugstore."

However, for those who decide they *still* don't want to be bothered by advertising mail, Mr. DeLay assures that their names will be removed from the lists of many DMMA member companies who conduct most large-scale mail adver-

tising campaigns. "It's just too expensive to waste on people who don't want it," he says.

MPS also enables you to be added to lists.

If, on the other hand, you feel you don't get your fair share of mail offers, the DMMA offers another service to get your name *on* lists

that will make you a candidate to receive more offers in special interest areas such as arts and crafts, books, investments, clothing, sports, travel and gardening.

Both services are offered to the public by the DMMA in an effort to make shopping by mail more enjoyable.

If you want to take advantage of either of these services offered by the DMMA, simply send the coupon below for a free application or write the association at 6 East 43rd Street, New York, New York 10017.



MAIL TO:
DIRECT MAIL/MARKETING ASSOCIATION
6 East 43rd Street
New York, New York 10017

☐ **STOP IT!** I don't want to be on anyone's "list."
Please send me a *Name-Removal Form*.

☐ **SEND ME MORE!** I'd like more mail on my favorite interests and hobbies. Send me an *"Add On" Form*.

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

10202

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You never know what's coming when you turn a PEOPLE page...except that it's going to be another lively close-up of another very exciting human being, someone special you'll really enjoy getting to know.

So pick up this week's PEOPLE at your newsstand or checkout counter. And find out what the fun is all about!

People
weekly

Kooky Miracle

KNOCK KNOCK
by JULES FEIFFER

Jules Feiffer may be mad, but it is our good fortune that *Knock Knock* is happily incarcerated in off-off-Broadway's Circle Repertory Theater. This is a kooky, laugh-saturated miracle play in the absurdist tradition. It is as if someone had merged *The Odd Couple* and *The Sunshine Boys* and peppered the mix with Kierkegaard and the Marx Brothers. Nor is that all. The unifying element is Jewish humor—skeptical, self-deprecating, fatalistic and with an underlying sadness that suggests that all the mirth is a self-protective mask hiding imminent lamentation.

Neither of the men who dominate *Knock Knock* is about to weep, but they are bored to tears with each other. Cohn (Daniel Seltzer) and Abe (Neil Flanagan) have shared bachelor digs for 20 years in a small house from which they never emerge. Cohn, an ex-musician, does the cooking and nurses a residual faculty for believing in myths. Abe, an ex-stockbroker, guards the shrine of adamant rationalism.

Antic Hell. Imagine the two codgers' surprise when Joan of Arc (Nancy Snyder) arrives in blazing armor with sword and pennant at the ready. She tells them that her mission is to recruit two of every species, including them, for a spaceship trip to heaven. After that,

all antic hell breaks loose. Instant magic occurs: appearances and disappearances, deaths, resurrections, changes of identity, autokinetic kitchen utensils and finally Joan's celestial levitation. Director Marshall W. Mason moves all the UFOs and the splendid cast at a rocketing pace. The words are manic—puns, syllogisms, answer-and-question games,

in that order. Some scenes are animated versions of Feiffer's cartoon strips. Basically one-line throwaways, they lack dramatic continuity, but they sputter with hilarity.

St. Joan's last advice to the odd couple is "Get out of the house." As for *Knock Knock*, the advice has to be—get into that playhouse.

T.E. Kalem



SNYDER TELLS SELTZER OF THE SPACESHIP TO HEAVEN IN FEIFFER'S *KNOCK KNOCK*

MILESTONES

Married. Joseph Papp, 54, theatrical impresario and producer of *Hair*, *That Championship Season*, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *A Chorus Line*; and Gail Merrifield, 40, great-great-granddaughter of Actor-Assassin John Wilkes Booth and director of play development at Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival; he for the fourth time, she for the second; in Manhattan.

Died. Sir Alexander Haddow, 69, trail-blazing cancer expert who directed London's famed Chester Beatty Research Institute, Royal Cancer Hospital from 1946 to 1969; in Amersham, England. Starting at the institute in 1936, Haddow joined a research team that pointed to the value of chemotherapy in the treatment of cancer. He was knighted for his work in 1966.

Died. Paul Robeson, 77, superbly talented and ultimately tragic singer, actor and civil rights leader who won a world fame known to few blacks of his generation and spent his last years sick, half-forgotten and, in Coretta Scott

King's words, "bursed alive"; following a stroke; in Philadelphia. Robeson was the son of a Methodist minister who had been a runaway slave, and a nearly blind mother who died in a fire when he was six. After excelling at his local New Jersey high school, young Robeson won a scholarship to Rutgers University, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, was valedictorian of the class of 1919 and became the school's first All-American football player. He went on to Columbia University Law School, where he took a degree in 1923. Robeson turned early to singing and brought to Negro spirituals and other work and folk songs a voice of stunning richness and emotional power. A commanding actor, he made his stage debut in 1922, impressing Playwright Eugene O'Neill and beginning a friendship that led to starring roles in a string of O'Neill plays (*All God's Chittin' Got Wings*, *The Hairy Ape* and *The Emperor Jones*). Robeson's most spectacular stage triumph after *Show Boat* (1928), in which he sang *Ol' Man River*, was *Othello*, which in 1930 drew 20 curtain calls in London; in 1943

it ran for 296 performances in New York, a Broadway record for a Shakespeare play. His screen career began in 1933 and included success in *Sanders of the River*, *Jericho* and *King Solomon's Mines*. But always he felt hemmed in by the constraints upon blacks, and he took to touring and living in England and on the Continent, where, he said, color did not seem to matter. In the mid-1940s and 1950s he was an outspoken champion of civil rights; he moved for a time to the Soviet Union, where he thought blacks had more freedom and where he sent his only son to school. Condemned at home in the McCarthy era as an admirer of the Soviet Union and a friend of Communists, Robeson went into a clouded decline from which he never emerged. Stricken by a circulatory ailment in 1963, he spent his last years in seclusion, refusing interviews, seeing only family and a few friends.

Died. Lewis S. Rosenstiel, 84, prodigiously hard-working founder of the liquor giant Schenley Industries Inc.; in Miami Beach.



INNSBRUCK, HOST OF THE 1976 WINTER OLYMPICS, WAITS FRAMED AGAINST THE TYROLEAN ALPS

SPORT

COVER STORY

Test of the Best on Snow & Ice

The scene: Port Washington, N.Y. "Stretch, Dorothy, stretch. Open up, get your arms up. Move it, keep it going." Although she has just won her third consecutive U.S. figure-skating championship, Dorothy Hamill is training again. She has been up since 5 a.m., on the ice at Twin Rinks since dawn. First she practiced school figures, tracing and retracing circular designs, skating backward and forward in perfect circles. Now it is nearly noon. Sweating and struggling to maintain her radiant smile, Dorothy, 19, is skating her freestyle program. As she swirls over the ice, leaping and spinning at presto pace, Twin Rinks Pro Peter Burrows shouts instructions. "Push it, give it more extension! Fly into it!" He shuts off the music. Dorothy bends over, gulping air. "O.K.," says Burrows, "let's try it again."

Cut to Kitzbühel, Austria. It has been less than two weeks since Canadian Downhill Racer Dave Irwin spun out of control off the steep course in Wengen, Switzerland, slamming into the hillside at 60 m.p.h., cracking a rib and suffering a severe brain concussion. Despite the injuries and a steady downpour, though, Irwin has been working out here. "I took a couple of free runs today," he says. "Straight down, non-stop." He will be back out every day from now on. "There's nothing a doctor can do for me," he says. "The cracked rib still hurts a little, but I'm doing stretching exercises to improve my lung intake. About the brain concussion—I'll just need a little more time."

Now, Davos, Switzerland. A two-day snow has covered and closed the 400-meter speed-skating oval. Skaters from Poland, Canada and the U.S. jog through the quiet alpine village, play poker, and fret. "We've got to skate," says U.S. Sprint Specialist Peter Mueller. "We're losing precious time." At last, late in the afternoon, the ice is cleared and the Amer-

icans lace up. Their arms swinging in the hypnotic rhythm of the workout, the skaters seem oblivious to the cold and stinging snow. Round, round, round they go, fluid figures in the fading light.

In snow and on ice the world over, the artists and athletes of blade and board and bobsled have been pushing themselves to the limit, staying longer on the training course, sharpening edges, testing waxes, perfecting performances and steeling nerves. Now the preparing is at an end, and what for many is the focus of a lifetime of single-minded dedication begins: the test of the best in the quadrennial Winter Olympic Games.

Next Wednesday afternoon in Bergisel Stadium in Innsbruck, Austria, 1,500 athletes from some 40 nations and 70,000 spectators will watch as Josef Feistmantl, a former luge-sled gold medalist, lights the Olympic flame opening the twelfth Winter Games. That flame will burn for twelve days of competition in the dangerous, exciting, magically graceful world of winter sports. More than half a billion people around the world will follow the action on TV, including millions in the U.S. who can tune in 39½ hours of coverage on ABC, most of it in prime time.

DELLUCIA/NEW YORK POST



IN OLYMPIC UNIFORM, HAMILL TAKES A TUMBLE

"With one mistake, it could all go down the drain."

What they see will be a glittering montage of contradictory images: athletes gathering for an ancient festival of peace in an Olympic village surrounded by barbed-wire fences—a grim reminder of the massacre of eleven Israelis at the summer games in Munich four years ago; a lovely, old city of narrow streets and gilded buildings, crammed with cars, microwave towers and the trappings of progress. There will be much talk about the glory of amateur athletics, although the concept is now scarcely more alive than Innsbruck's medieval statuary.

Even so, the Olympics



U.S. Titleholder Dorothy Hamill does an airborne split at the National Championships in Colorado.



Diane de Leeuw of The Netherlands winning European title in Geneva.

Soviet Ice Dancers Ludmila Pakhomova and Alexander Gorshkov.



Austrian teen-ager Toni Innauer jumps in West Germany.



Long Jump favorite Karl Schnabl of Austria takes off.



Speed Skater Peter Mueller of U.S. crosscuts in Switzerland.



American Speed Skater Sheila Young on the move.



Austrian Mogika Kaserer on slalom course in West Germany.



West German Rudi Mittermair taking a gate.



Dave Irwin of Canada airborne at Val d'Isere.



Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark edging during a giant slalom in France.



Downhill favorite Franz Klammer schooling.



Italian bobsled team running the course at Cervina.



The youngest competitor, Elena Vodorezova, 12, of the U.S.S.R.



Norwegian cross-country skier Oddvar Brå.

SPORT

can still be the best sport has to offer in entertainment, nifty nerve, and old-fashioned inspiration. This year's Games promise to deliver all three in abundance. On the slopes of the Tyrol, a pack of European and Canadian men and women, plus a handful of Americans, will be hurtling down the fall line in a battle for alpine skiing supremacy. Through the neighboring valleys and forests, Scandinavians, East Germans, and Russians will be straining to win the cross-country marathons, while overhead Austrians, Finns and Swiss try to fight gravity for the longest ski jump. On the icy, twisting bobsled and luge chute, Italians, Swiss, West and East German daredevils will be approaching the speed of insanity.

It is on ice, though, that the Olympics should present the most riveting and partisan spectacle for U.S. viewers. The nation's most talented team is in speed skating, with at least two gold-medal prospects (see box page 64). For nine days they will be locked in a race with a powerful Russian assemblage.

When those showdowns end, all attention will turn to Olympic stadium for the Games' most dramatic and elegant event—figure skating—and America's premiere artist on ice, Dorothy Hamill. If the U.S. has picked up no gold medals by then, Dorothy will be the last chance. No matter the stakes of national pride, she will be well worth watching. With a dancer's sense of her own body, an incandescent smile and a skating style as fluid as a Chopin prelude, Dorothy will light up the Olympics.

Figure-skating fans already know what to expect. Two years ago at the world championships in Munich, Dorothy gave a performance that captivated the crowd—and revealed much about the source of her appeal. The drama began as Dorothy, who battles almost uncontrollable jitters on the brink of each perfor-

LINDA FRATIANNI SPINS THROUGH HER FIERY FREE SKATING PROGRAM



BABLONIA & GARDNER CUT UP THE ICE IN A RECENT EXHIBITION

mance, waited at the end of the rink to be introduced for her free-skating program. As the points awarded to the previous skater flashed on the scoreboard, the crowd erupted in an explosion of boos and catcalls, protesting the low scores. Dorothy thought they were jeering her, and her already fragile composure collapsed. In tears, she ran off the ice into her father's arms.

For some performers, the day might have ended there. Not for Dorothy. After realizing the boos were not aimed at her, she collected herself and skated back out on the ice, head and shoulders set in grim determination. Her music started and suddenly came the smile like a flash of sunlight. Surely, even she, she started to skate, and soon was sweeping through her routine as if gravity did not exist. The crowd was caught up in the moment, and in four minutes Dorothy turned the entire, week-long championship into her show.

That can happen any time, anywhere that she is skating well. At her best, Dorothy embodies the old adage that power perfected becomes grace. Skating with *elan* and subtle musicality, she skims over the ice, gliding smoothly into jumps that flow without hesitation into spins and spirals. There are no seams in her skating. "Every move is right, every line is clean," says two-time figure-skating Gold Medalist Dick Button. "Everything is in the right position." Charles Foster, a judge at the U.S. championships in Colorado Springs last month, put it this way: "Dorothy skates with finesse; she performs a difficult program, works at high speed, plus she interprets the music with feeling. She's a beautiful skater."

Blessed with a strong, trim build (she is 5 ft. 3 in., 115 lbs.), Dorothy has total body control, one reason she can land a jump so softly. That same sure strength allows her to perform skating's more difficult maneuvers gracefully. Like Mikhail Baryshnikov, the ballet dancer whom she idolizes, Dorothy never shows preparation for a leap. She seems to hang nonchalantly in flight. Her most beautiful move is a delayed Axel in which she hangs suspended before completing 1½ revolutions in the air. Skating fans also admire Dorothy's spins: high-speed yet delicate rotations within rotation. They seem effortless.

Perhaps her most remarkable quality is the most elusive one: her musicality. Every move is annealed to rhythm; each musical line is filled out fluidly rather than punctuated abruptly. When it is all going right, Dorothy's performance can inspire even Dorothy, who has skated it hundreds of times. "You're skating and doing the most difficult things," she says, "and the audience is with you. They're clapping, cheering. You're floating. It's like nothing else I've ever felt."

On some occasions, that feeling can be hard to achieve. Inconsistency is a problem, as Dorothy will admit herself. Says Button bluntly: "She can blow it." The reason is nerves, her invariable, inescapable stage fright. "It's like going to an execution," says Dorothy, "your own. I stand there in the dress-

SPORT

ing room thinking. "Am I going to fall? Why am I doing this? I'll never do it again."

Last month at the national championships, the tension, compounded by fatigue, disrupted Dorothy's performance; she left several jumps out of her program. "She can't afford to do that in Innsbruck," says her coach, Carlo Fassi, who guided Peggy Fleming to her gold medal in Grenoble eight years ago. He is right. Dorothy's main competition in the Olympics will be European Champion Diane de Leeuw, an unflappable skater.

One reason for Dorothy's clockwork anxiety is simple lack of confidence. "I think I look lousy," she says. When an ABC sports crew offered to rerun a video tape of her free-skating program in Colorado Springs, she declined. She is particularly afraid that a fall will ruin her performance. "Think how much time I've put into this, and how much other people have to help me. With one mistake, it could all go down the drain."

It seems odd that a three-time national champion should be plagued by such doubts—every skater falls in competition—it is not in Dorothy's case. She is a girl of many moods. One friend calls her "a mass of conflicting emotions." A lover of classical music and ballet, she passes the time at home reading gothic potboilers and watching soap operas. She is a loner who also can suddenly turn herself on to become the life of the party. Recently, while the U.S. figure-skating team waited to be interviewed on the phone by NBC, Dorothy settled behind the spacious desk of a hotel executive, grabbed a fat cigar, and began dictating satiric messages to a fellow skater.

Though she goes to sleep by 9 o'clock every night to be fresh for dawn practice, Dorothy manages an active social life, including boy friends in more than one port. "I guess I've been in love twice," she says philosophically. "Not now, though. It hurts

so much when it's finished, it's not worth it." Finally, she is a woman with a potentially lucrative career (she could sign a six-figure contract to turn pro today), who says she has "never really given much thought to women's liberation."

It could be that she has been too busy skating. Ever since the day, eleven years ago, that Dorothy pulled on a pair of \$5.95 skates at a pond near the Hamills' Riverside, Conn., home, she—with her parents—has been swept away by the sport. It has pulled Dorothy out of school to practice seven hours a day, six days a week, plunged her and her mother into a nomadic life between Lake Placid, Tulsa and Denver to work with the best coaches. Last year she saw her elder brother and sister for less than a week. Skating has also drained the paycheck of her father, an executive at Pitney Bowes. Chalmers Hamill attends every major competition, epoxy and screwdriver in hand for last-second repairs on Dorothy's skates. His wife agonizes while waiting in the hotel, too nervous to watch her daughter skate.

"My parents said, 'If you want to skate, that's fine,'" recalls Dorothy, "as long as you work hard." "Not that anyone has regrets. 'I don't even know what it's like to be normal,'" laughs Dorothy, "but I've never really found anything I liked to do as much as skating." Adds her mother, "For us, it was just like having a child who's good in school. You sacrifice."

Considering the work that has gone into getting ready for Innsbruck, the Hamills need all the commitment they can muster. For Dorothy the preparation has centered on practice. Few other athletes work as long or as repetitiously in quest of evanescent perfection as a figure skater. Training with Fassi in Denver, and more recently with Peter Burrows in Port Washington, Dorothy has spent hours etching the compulsory figures she must skate to near perfection in Innsbruck (see box). She prefers the effort that goes into polishing her free-skating program.

An Arcane Discipline

It is one of the oddest sights in sport. Tracing the circumference of perfect circles on the ice, first forward then backward on one foot, the skater moves around a small patch of the rink. Then, after the ice chips have been swept clear, the judges, who have been watching closely, scurry onto the ice. They bend over to examine the skate lines cut into the frozen expanse.

The compulsory-figures competition is taking place. It is the vestige of a time when figure skating was the art of precise etching on the ice—when skaters traced elaborate figures like a Maltese cross or even signed their names in script with their blades. The school-figures test today is to skaters what conjugating verbs is to a language student. "It can be maddening," says Dorothy Hamill, who works constantly to improve her figures, "but when you do it right, there is a certain ordered, satisfying symmetry."

The purpose is to see how much control a skater has, how well he or she executes the fundamental techniques of the sport. In competition, three figures are used (they are often the counter, paragraph bracket and paragraph loop—see diagram). Each skater performs alone on the ice. Each may have some reference point in the rink—a pillar or sign—to help line up the dimensions of the

figure, but the only reliable road maps are images programmed into sinew and synapses through years of etching the pattern in outlines of frost.

Not surprisingly, the drill before a panel of judges can be excruciatingly tense. Take the demands of the paragraph loop, for instance. The maneuver begins with the competitor pushing off, moving backward on the outside edge of the right skate. In that position, moving slowly, the skater traces half a cir-

cle leading into a loop, gliding out to complete a full circle. He then changes to the inside blade edge and carves a second circle and loop.

Both circles must be the same size (about 5 or 6 ft. in diameter), they must be lined up together, and the loops must be on the same axis. And with all that, the job has only begun. Back at the beginning, the skater shifts to the left skate and goes over the same pattern (still skating backward); this time starting on the inside and changing to the outside edge. The exercise is repeated three times on each foot. The ultimate goal—a single, thin track left on the ice.

Compulsory figures



TIME Diagram by P. J. Pugliese



CHALMERS HAMILL HELPS DOROTHY WITH HER BLADE GUARDS
A skating style as fluid as a Chopin prelude.

There is more work to be done off the ice. With a hand from her parents, Dorothy has selected her music (schmaltzy but stirring themes from old Errol Flynn movies) for the free-skating program. She has spent a week in Toronto arranging the free program with Choreographer Brian Foley. Meanwhile, new costumes have been made. Finally, there are the skates. She will need at least two pairs: one with blades that have short toe picks and a shallow bottom groove between the edges, the better for gliding through the figures; another with oversize toe picks and a deep groove to add bite for the free style.

Even with all these preparations, Dorothy has not quite convinced herself that she is going to the Olympics. "When people say 'Good luck in Innsbruck,'" she explains, "I have to pinch myself." If Dorothy is beaten, it will probably be by Diane de Leeuw, who has a strong if unexceptional style. De Leeuw, though able to skate for The Netherlands because her mother is Dutch, is a resident of Paramount, Calif. She chose to enter under the Dutch flag because her family thought Diane would make that Olympic team more easily. The other serious contender is Christine Errath of East Germany, who is back after breaking her leg last year. The women's competition may also offer deft performances from two youngsters: Russia's Yelena Vodorenova, 12, and Linda Fratianne, 15, of Los Angeles.

It will be the first Olympics for Hamill and Fratianne, as for most American competitors. For many the outcome will be less than their dreams. Medal chances for the U.S. ski teams are marginal, and finishes in the top ten will also be scarce, especially in the Nordic events. The U.S. hockey team will be outmanned and outgunned by a Russian squad that may be the best in the world—amateur or professional. Even America's speed skaters, who are medal contenders, will enter the Games underdogs to a sleek Soviet team.



DOROTHY'S COACH, CARLO FASSI, GETS A HUG FROM HIS PRIZE PUPIL

For Americans following the action, the question will be why? Why can't a nation of more than 200 million people and great wealth produce Winter Olympic teams that are the equal of entries from Russia and the far smaller European nations? For one thing, winter sports are simply not as glamorous in the U.S. as in Europe. A successful skier here labors in obscurity, while in Europe he is often a national hero. What's more, in Europe amateurs do not exist. Topflight skiers quietly receive fat fees from equipment manufacturers. Where private enterprise stops, governments step in. The Russian hockey team, for instance, is a state-supported operation. So is the speed-skating team. The American speed-skating program is so impoverished that there is only one 400-meter rink in the entire 50 states—compared with nine, for example, in The Netherlands.

The support U.S. teams receive—from individual benefactors, corporations and athletic clubs—is channeled partially through the U.S. Olympic Committee, which finances Olympic-related expenses such as travel to Innsbruck, and partly via individual team organizations.

A few Americans do have a chance for some kind of medals. Besides Hamill, there is Downhiller Cindy Nelson, 20, from Lutsen, Minn. She ranked seventh in this season's overall standings at the end of last week. Her family runs a ski area and Cindy has been racing since she was six years old.

Among speed skaters, Sheila Young, 25, of Birmingham, Mich., has covered the 500-meter sprint less than a second off the world record. When she is not skating, Sheila can be found cycling, sculpting abstract forms in stone, or reading Kurt Vonnegut and mystical German Novelist Hermann Hesse. "Hesse," she says, "has made me appreciate the beauty of little things."

Sheila's teammate, Peter Mueller, 21, could also pick up some gold. A long and strong-legged product of Madison, Wis., he too is a sprinter—as well as one of the speed-skating team's coolest poker players. "Peter's a fanatic," says his fiancée and fellow Skater Leah Poulos, 24, herself a medal possibility at 500 meters. "When he wants to be good at something, he doesn't stop." Rounding out the key contenders are U.S. ice dancing champions Colleen O'Connor and Jim Mills. The top American pairs duo—Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner—won't win a medal, but will skate with a flourish.

Naturally, Americans watching the Games will be pulling for Young and Mueller and Hamill. Austrians will be banking on victory from their skiing heroes, and Russians will be cheering on their countrymen. But despite the rivalries and loyalties, the news from Innsbruck will boil down to something as old and transcendent as the idea of the Olympics—the lonely, private, consummate effort to exceed in the human arena, and in competition where the drama and grace of the match surpass all else.

A Short Guide to All the Action

If it's Saturday, this must be Seefeld. For visitors to Innsbruck and television viewers round the globe, the Winter Games provide a panorama of grace and prowess under pressure. Most Nordic events will be staged at Seefeld, 15 miles to the northwest of the city; three miles south, at Igls and Patscherkofel, tourists can take in the bobsled, luge and men's downhill. The other alpine races will be held at Axamer Lizum, a 25-minute bus ride to the southwest from downtown.

U.S. television spectators will benefit from the 45 cameras positioned throughout the area. ABC, which paid about \$8 million for broadcast rights, will put Sportscasters Curt Gowdy, Jim McKay and Frank Gifford plus Pierre Salinger behind microphones.

The Shah of Iran has canceled his visit to the Games after the kidnapping last month of OPEC oil ministers in Vienna. But Innsbruck will still attract a powdering of such celebrities as Muhammad Ali, King Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden and Lord Snowdon. To prevent another terrorist Munich, Austrian police will enforce tight security, even at the Olympic Ball, where every fourth tuxedoed guest is likely to be a policeman.

But the real stars of the show will be the athletes living at the Olympic Village. Accommodations at the high-rise development on the Inn River will be spartan, but 60 cooks in the mess hall will see that none of the competitors go hungry. Each athlete is apportioned 6,000 calories a day of such dishes as Macaroni Bordelais and Ham Steak Hawaii; officials are rationed to 3,000-calorie menus. The following guide, based on reports from TIME correspondents, limns the essentials of each sport and spotlights some top competitors. Events are run under the metric system: a meter is slightly more than 3 ft.; a kilometer (1,000 meters) is slightly more than six-tenths of a mile. Capsules of what and whom to watch for:



ALPINE SKIING Three events: downhill, slalom and giant slalom for men and women. Downhill: one timed run down a 3.1-km. course that drops 870 meters for men, 700 meters in 2.5 km. for women. Slalom: two runs down a short course. Racers must ski through series of gates (two poles 4 to 5 ft. apart) to win.

With training techniques and equipment ever more sophisticated and timing more exact, alpine skiing today resembles Formula One auto racing: runs get faster and the risks bigger. Victory or defeat depends on a few hundredths of a second. This season alone two skiers have crashed to death in international competition. Fierce national rivalry, especially in Europe, and a multimillion-dollar ski industry have turned top skiers into human missiles, whose streamlining is tested in wind tunnels. The choice of wax for polyethylene ski bottoms before each run is a state secret. Innsbruck may produce top speeds of nearly 85 m.p.h. Says Austrian Champion Franz Klammer, 21: "You know what a car looks like if it hits a wall at that speed." Adds former World Champion Annemarie Proell-Moser: "If angst grips you, stay off the course."

Since 1952, the first year that all three alpine events were held, only two skiers, Austria's Toni Sailer and Jean-Claude Killy of France, have been good enough to manage a complete sweep. Innsbruck will probably not turn up such a man or woman. Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark could win two medals. The son of a farmer, Stenmark, 19, finished first or second in eleven of 15 slalom events last season and is leading the combined standings for this year's World Cup. He has the nerves that are as necessary as goggles to this competition. "A good thing you got married," he wired newlywed Gustava Thoeni of Italy, his principal rival, last year. "This will be consolation for you in the coming season—especially at Innsbruck."

Klammer, Italian Herbert Plank, 21, and Swiss Veteran Bernhard Russi, 27, should dominate the downhill schuss. "Go for maximum speed, but never force it," says Russi. Forcing it, however, is Klammer's credo. The straighter—and steeper—the course, the better Franz feels. He likes a sheer drop of ice, so Innsbruck's curvy Patscherkofel Trail is not ideal for him. Two Canadian daredevils, Dave Irwin and Ken Read, have recently scored upsets in European events.

Cindy Nelson, 20, is the only American alpinist given much chance to win a medal. But the favorite in Cindy's best event, the downhill, will probably be Austrian Brigitte Totschnig. Such racers as her teammate Monika Kaserer, Switzerland's duo of Lise-Marie Morerod and Marie-Therese Nadig, and Rosi Mittermaier of West Germany will ensure that most of the medals stay in Europe.



NORDIC SKIING Four disciplines: cross-country skiing for men and women; jumping, Nordic combined and biathlon for men only. Cross-country: three individual races for men from 15 to 50 km.; two women's races, 5 and 10 km.; one relay race each for men and women. Jumping: staged on 70- and 90-meter hills; winners chosen for distance and form. Combined: separate competition requiring both jumping and skiing ability. Biathlon: 20-km. cross-country race in which competitors carry and fire rifles at targets along the way. Time penalties assessed for missed bull's-eyes. One 30-km. relay race. "I am not an athlete, exactly," says Austrian Toni Innauer, 5 ft. 8 in., 130 lbs. "I am tough." At 17 he is tough enough to rate as the favorite in the 70-meter jumping competition. Raised in his father's pub halfway up an alp, Toni's budding alpine career was nipped at age twelve by officials who considered him too puny. He enrolled at a state-run skiing school, becoming a protégé of Jumping Coach Balduz Preiml.

Preiml, 36, is the Austrian equivalent of football's total technician Tom Landry: both leave nothing to chance. All his jumpers are tested for heart and lung capacity in repose as well as under stress, and he has even sent them to the Schellbach Institute in West Germany for a dose of will-strengthening therapy. It must work, since Preiml has at least four medal threats, including 90-Meter Favorite Karl Schnabl. No secrets, Preiml says. Except for his wonder wax initially developed by a Viennese glazier to coat windows.

The technological revolution has finally overtaken cross-country skiing, a sport in which birchwood and hickory skis, long socks and knickers were once trademarks. The skis are fiber glass now, and racers are zipped into one-piece racing suits. Still, success probably lies in guessing correctly the two kinds of wax applied separately to tips and tails and under the racer's boot. Maintaining a steady "working pulse on the trail" is also important.

Cross-country skiing is no longer the exclusive province of its Nordic creators. Soviet and East German skiers are as adept as their Scandinavian counterparts in the double-pole technique, and equally sturdy. In fact, Zinaida Amosova, Galina Kulakova and Raisa Smetanina could effect a Soviet sweep of women's races. Sweden's Thomas Magnusson, a former lumberjack known as "The Slugger," Finnish Sports Instructor Juha Mieto and Norway's Oddvar Braa should win medals, but East Germany's Gerhard Grimmer is technically as skilled. Grimmer's teammate, Ulrich Wehling, skis and jumps consistently enough to win the combined.

Biathlon, the Games' most eccentric sport, is surely the most demanding. Racers must push their bodies to the threshold of fatigue, then steady to take dead aim at the four firing points along the trail. Particularly punishing are the 200-meter-

long penalty loops that competitors in the relay race must run if they fail to break a target. It is all a far cry from the origins of the sport in Lapland, when dinner depended on a hunter's accuracy. Heikki Ikola of Finland could win the individual event; the Soviets and Finns will go head to head in the relays.



BOBSLED Competition for two- and four-man sleds. Countries can enter two sleds in each event. Course is 1,220 meters long, has 14 curves and a vertical drop of 97 meters. Sleds are steel and aluminum with lead weights permitted to attain maximum allowable weight. Best combined time for four runs wins.

Neither rain nor thaw will stay the bobsled racers from their rounds at speeds up to 70 m.p.h. at Innsbruck. The course, which cost \$5 million to construct, is artificially refrigerated. Unfortunately, say the speed freaks who will use it, it is too safe and far too short. West German Baker Wolfgang Zimmerer, who won a gold and a bronze in Sapporo in 1972, complains that the brevity of the course places undue emphasis on quick starts.

Zimmerer will drive both sleds again. He will have two weight men for ballast in the four, and brakemen under oath not to slow him down. The principal challenge could come from the Swiss, East Germans or the impetuous Italians. Says Italian Team Director Giorgio Galli: "We often have to keep some of our boys in the hospital longer than we should to make sure they don't get back into a sled prematurely." Not even warm weather deters them. In the summer the Italians replace their runners with wheels and career madly down mountain slopes and roads.



LUGE Singles competition for men and women, doubles race for men on small wooden sleds which have canvas or braided plastic seats. Same course as for bobsled but with more steeply inclined starting ramps. Best combined time for four runs wins singles; best time for two runs wins doubles.

Scratch a Flexible Flyer and underneath lies a luge. The principal difference, of course, is a matter of speed. The luge run at Innsbruck will produce a maximum speed of almost 70 m.p.h., and belly flopping is grounds for disqualification. The racers lie on their backs and steer with their feet. East German women won gold and silver medals in 1968, but were disqualified for illegally heating their steel runners before the race. On cold steel, they swept all medals at Sapporo and should do so again. Margit Schumann is the best woman, and Countryman Hans Rinn is also a strong threat for gold. The Italians could challenge the East Germans for the title in doubles.



HOCKEY Five-game round robin for twelve teams divided into two divisions. Single-game elimination determines composition of A and B divisions. Only teams in division A can win a medal.

If two Soviet teams can embarrass most clubs in the National Hockey League, imagine the scores their All-Star aggregate will run up against amateur opponents in Innsbruck. Alexander Yakushev is the best left wing in the world, says Bobby Hull, and Goal Tender Vladislav Tretak has proved he is unsurpassed at stopping shots. Why bother holding the tournament?

Because, says Czechoslovakia's coach Karel Gut, his team can win the gold medal. The Czechs lost the Izvestia Cup tournament to the Soviets last December by only one goal, and the Russians had home-ice advantage. Gut is confident that Goal Tender Jiri Holoccek and Wing Vladimir Martinek are the equals of the better-publicized Soviets. The Finns are a solid bet for a

bronze, but the young American team could surprise. In fact, U.S. Coach Bob Johnson is planning on it. He has a future pro goalie in Jim Warden, and his squad has beaten teams from Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union during a rigorous 56-game practice schedule.



SPEED SKATING Five events for men ranging from 500 to 10,000 meters. Four events for women ranging from 500 to 3,000 meters. Competitors race in pairs counterclockwise around a 400-meter rink, switching lanes in the backstretch. Skater in outside lane has right of way. Pairings are drawn by lot.

Speed skaters hate the strong midday sun. Its rays can heat—and slow—the surface of the ice and cost racers precious hundredths of a second. Victory literally can hang on a passing cloud. It also depends on technique. Speed is generated by the piston power of the leg; the deeper the racing crouch the greater distance the piston can extend. Arms play no part, except on the turns, when racers swing them metronomically to develop what they call "the sling-shot" effect. Skates are a streamlined amalgam of 16-in. blades and ankle-high boots of soft kangaroo leather.

For sprinting speed on the racing oval, Soviet Woman Skater Tatiana Averina is a worthy successor to the now retired world champion, Ard Schenk of The Netherlands. A college student from the central Russian city of Gorky, Averina, 25, holds the world records in the 500-, 1,000- and 1,500-meter events. Other medal possibilities at Innsbruck: Teammates Lubov Sadchikova and Galina Stepankaya, American Sheila Young and Japan's Makiko Nagaya. Averina has no equivalent among the men, but Soviets hold four of five world marks. Impressive, but somewhat deceptive. The records were all set at high altitude, in Alma-Ata, near the Chinese border. That might mean that American Peter Mueller, Holland's Hans van Helden or two Norwegians, Jan Egil Storholt and Sten Stensen, can upset the Soviets.



FIGURE SKATING Four events: women, men, pairs and dance. In pairs, the couple can skate apart, overhead lifts legal. In dance, skaters must be together, overhead lifts not permitted. In all four competitions, scoring divided into three parts: compulsory figures (30%), short program of compulsory skating (20%), long program of free skating (50%). In compulsory figures, skaters are judged by form. In short and long program, by form, appearance and musicality.

In women's competition, Dorothy Hamill and Diane de Leeuw will skate for the gold medal. In pairs, there should be no contest. Irina Rodnina and Alexander Zaitsev, a Russian duo, have won every major pairs title in recent years, and with good reason. Skating in synchronous movements and precise combinations, they mesh like the gears in a Swiss watch. Beyond form, they skate to their music with exquisite choreography and complete the most pyrotechnic maneuvers with consummate grace. They started skating together when Rodnina's original partner, Alexsei Ulanov, left her to marry another skater. Though married themselves, Rodnina and Zaitsev do not seem to be an emotional pairing off the ice: he is reserved and intellectual, she highly emotional.

In dance, again the odds heavily favor the Russians, who will send three couples to Innsbruck—the 1-2-3 finishers in the European championships. The best are Ludmila Pakhomova and Alexander Gorskov, a Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers of the ice.

In the men's competition, two Russians, Sergei Volkov, the current world champion, and Vladimir Kovalev, the runner-up, will try to outskate Britain's John Curry. In the recent European championships, Curry's elegant, balletic style left the Russians behind.



TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS OF THE YOUNG MEMNON FROM THE WATERCOLOR BY BELZONI



PORTRAIT OF GIOVANNI BATTISTA BELZONI

Theft After Life

THE RAPE OF THE NILE

by BRIAN M. FAGAN

399 pages. Scribners. \$14.95.

During the 19th century, an Anglo-Indian tourist decided to make sketches of some bas-reliefs that were on the wall of Pharaoh Amun-Hotep's tomb. To save himself hours in the hot, stuffy tomb, he chiseled off the bas-reliefs and took them to his boat. When he had finished his sketches, he simply dropped the priceless stones into the Nile.

This anecdote is one of the more outrageous tales that British-born Archaeologist Brian Fagan records in this brisk and knowledgeable history of the plunder of Egypt. But it was only one of thousands of depredations, many carried out on a much grander scale. During the reign of Pasha Mohammed Ali (1805-1849), for example, one-quarter of the great Temple of Denderah was quarried away by Egyptians to build a saltpeter factory. Ali also ordered the excavation of the exquisite Temple of Esneh because he wanted to use it as a secure munitions depot. Art collectors were scarcely better. A French agent named Jean Baptiste Lelorrain contrived to steal the magnificent carved zodiac from the ceiling of Denderah by using gunpowder to blast away a section of the temple's roof. He was lucky: the zodiac survived and is now in the Louvre.

Macabre Contest. As Author Fagan points out, looting the past was nothing new in Egypt. Grave robbers went to work shortly after the first pharaoh was laid to rest. The ancient Egyptian tombs were treasure-houses of gold, jewelry, furniture and other artifacts thought to be needed in the afterlife. The poor, who could scarcely get through their present life, took a skeptical view of such hoarding and helped themselves. The security of buried pharaohs became a macabre contest. As grave robbers prepared to descend on a site, loyal priests who had set guards on the mummies



MUMMY OF ARTEMIDORUS

would rush the embalmed bodies to secret hiding places, one step ahead of the thieves.

The looting and destruction of Egyptian temples continued down through the centuries. Early Christians, anxious to eliminate residual paganism along the Nile, smashed many monuments. Medieval Europeans created a brisk market for mummy, the bituminous substance used in mummification, which was thought to have a medicinal value.

Brutal Methods. It was Napoleon's Egyptian campaign of 1798-99 that helped launch the 19th century wave of Nile plunder. One of the expedition members most responsible was Vivant Denon, an artist and writer whose illustrated *La Description de l'Egypte* excited Europe's curiosity about the pharaohs' treasure. Unfortunately, though *The Rape of the Nile* reproduces dozens of Denon's paintings—and hundreds of other illustrations—only the dust jacket is in color.

Archaeologist Fagan, who teaches at the University of California at Santa Barbara, focuses nearly half his book on the exploits of Giovanni Belzoni, the giant (6 ft. 6 in.) Paduan whom he calls "the greatest plunderer of them all." Belzoni had been a famous circus strong man in England when he met an English adventurer who was searching for talent on behalf of Mohammed Ali. Belzoni became a passionate collector. He sent the giant torso of Ramses II to the British Museum and discovered the entrance to the second pyramid of Gizeh. He uncovered the sand-hidden Temple of Abu Simbel, the huge Nu-

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BOOKS

bian monument that was recently raised to high ground to save it from the rising waters of Lake Nasser behind the Aswan Dam. Belzoni's methods could be brutal: he used a battering ram to break open a tomb in the Valley of the Kings, and once broke up some terra cotta sarcophagi just for the modeled heads on their lids.

Belzoni's successors in the great antiquities hunt were more careful in preserving the past. In the 1850s, French Egyptologist Auguste Mariette helped start an Egyptian museum in Bulak, of which he became the first and very jealous curator. When Louis Napoleon's Empress Eugenie coveted the royal jewelry of Queen A-Hatep at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, Mariette flatly refused her request to be given the jewels.

Many other compelling characters, often fierce rivals among themselves, inhabit this fascinating book. Indeed, the volume's chief value to the ordinary reader is that it brings together so many intriguing stories, told elsewhere before but mostly piecemeal. The book is also something of a tract, warning that museum rivalry and the archaeological black market still threaten Egypt's surviving antiquities. Even Soviet technicians made off with papyri, he reports.

Fagan does grudgingly concede that in their rough way the pioneer plunderers preserved much of Egypt's riches for the world's study. It was a Napoleonic war trophy, the Rosetta stone, for example, that allowed Jean François Champollion to decipher the ancient hieroglyphics, which provided the key to Egypt's past. Egyptologists have argued with some justification that given the Nile's tumultuous history, the pharaohs and their treasures were more secure—and more celebrated—in the world's museums than they had been in Egypt. A comfortable immortality was, after all, what they had wanted in the first place.

Maya Mohs

Post Mortem

LETTER TO MY MOTHER

by GEORGES SIMENON

91 pages, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$5.95.

Simenon begins his letter, dated April 19, 1974. "It has been close to three and a half years since you died, at the age of 91, and perhaps it's only now that I'm beginning to understand you." One might well tremble before such comprehension. In his hundreds of thrillers and psychological portraits, Simenon is a level observer of the cramped quarters within the human heart where there is little room for love. *Letter to My Mother* is so grandly misanthropic that it finally seems perversely admirable.

Mother was Henriette, a grimly independent *petite bourgeoisie* who lived in Liege all her life. "We never loved each other in your lifetime," Simenon says. Still, he was a dutiful son. The book takes



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HENRIETTE SIMENON AND HER SON GEORGES
Grandly misanthropic, perversely admirable.

the form of a meditation during the week Simonon spent at his mother's bedside while she was dying, slowly and peacefully, of old age. There had been no truce between them. Her first words to him were, "Why have you come, Georges?"

Georges pounced on that one. Though 70 years old at the time, he returned with gleaming malice to his sixth year, when he claims his mother first began to mistrust him. If his little brother Christian cried, Henriette always asked, "Now what have you done to him?" He is ever ready with proof of her dislike for him. Many years later she gave him "a long, inquiring look" and murmured, "What a pity, Georges, that it's Christian who had to die."

One of the odd fascinations of the book is that Simonon weighs the battle—over which he, of course, has sole control—quite evenly. Henriette may have been frank in her displeasure with Georges, but he can dish it out too. Looking at the lady on her deathbed, he writes, "You haven't aged in my eyes. You've always had that thin face, that lusterless complexion, those lips that widen now and then."

Ferocious Volume. After reading several such displays of spite, one might ask why Simonon completed and published this exercise. Part of the book is an earnest, if unsuccessful, effort to find forgiveness in understanding. Henriette was the 13th of 13 children; her father lost what money he had when she was five. Simonon's father died young, and getting by was not easy. In his only long novel, *Pedigree*, Simonon has written about his childhood in Liège; Henriette appears as Elise, a hard-working, humorless, almost avaricious woman. She eventually remarried a man who had what she always wanted—a pension from the Belgian railway.

Simonon, who wrote his first book at 17, began sending her money before he was 20. That apparently was just

what she did not want. Fifty years later, when he was a rich man, she returned every penny he had ever given her. She also gave him gold coins for his own children, and he is not ashamed to say that he has not parted with them.

He concludes that his mother actually liked reverses: "The harder the problem, the more you threw yourself into it. Is it surprising that you didn't take much interest in people you regarded as the spoiled darlings of fortune?" It is not an altogether convincing conclusion to a ferocious little volume. Perhaps the only real justification for the book is the admirable short story that runs alongside the litany of blame. To give away the truly surprise ending—revealed in what are apparently Henriette's last words—would

be unfair, but it has to do with the man who gave her what she always wanted, a pension.

Martha Duffy

Visit to a Strange Planet

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN MOSCOW

by LEONA AND JERROLD SCHECTER and EVELIND, STEVEN, KATE, DOVEEN and BARNET
410 pages. Little, Brown. \$10.95.

In lesser hands, this seven-authored volume might have been no more than a polished family album. Instead, Leona and Jerrold Schecter and their children (who ranged in age from five to 13 when Schecter took over TIME's Moscow bureau in 1968) display insight and perceptions that lend their memory book a universal appeal.

The loosely chronological narrative—a series of signed excerpts contributed by each family member—recounts the Schecters' efforts to apprehend the pe-

culiarities of Soviet society. For Correspondent Schecter, working in Moscow meant learning how to make the most of his *mamka* (KGB-planted Russian journalists assigned to "assist" foreign newsmen) while cultivating nonofficial sources and picking up dissident tracts at park-bench meetings. The children had to adjust to the strict and dogmatic school system: Second-Grader Kate, for example, was taught that the light bulb and locomotive had been invented by Russians. They also found themselves—and their chewing gum and felt-tipped pens—the objects of envy and curiosity. The most difficult task for the whole family was forming friendships; foreigners never know for sure whether a heart-felt overture by a Russian is not a "provocation" in disguise.

Indelible Portrait. "We never got over the frustration of being outsiders looking in," writes Leona. Yet it is precisely the Schecters' visitors-to-a-strange-planet attitude that makes their book succeed. On virtually every page are anecdotes and vignettes that constitute a witty, indelible portrait of the Soviet Union. Sweat, garlic and tobacco are the "characteristic smell of Moscow." Shoppers use no checks or credit cards; only the privileged in this "classless society" use scrip to buy luxury groceries at bargain prices. Three bathers in Armenia show off portraits of Marx, Engels and Lenin tattooed on their chests.

Lengthier dissertations by the Schecters range in subject matter from genetics to abstract art to the plight of Soviet Jews. Sometimes these digressions are too wide, the narrative too rambling. Despite the authors' obvious care to avoid repetition, the book could have used a slight pruning. But good writing is clearly a family trait, as are the zest, humor and sensitivity that make *An American Family* this young year's best-informed and most unusual travel book.

Stuart Schaffman

THE SCHECTERS: (TOP) EVELIND, LEONA, JERROLD; (BOTTOM) BARNET, KATE, STEVEN & DOVEEN





NBC'S SATURDAY NIGHT BAND IN HOSPITAL SKETCH



MUPPET CHATS WITH LILY TOMLIN

TELEVISION

Flakiest Night of the Week

"Satire is what closes Saturday night" said George Kaufman. NBC's *Saturday Night* is proving him wrong. For 90 minutes, three out of four Saturday nights after 11:30, a small, subversive group of iconoclasts is throwing the air waves into disorder, tossing barbs at the presidency, the system, the revolution(s), motherhood, feminism, civil rights and democracy. Only on the air for four months, this live and unpredictable show is the season's surprise hit. It already has a loyal following of more than seven million. Says Dick Ebersol, 28, the network's late-night programming vice president, who is responsible for the whole thing: "It's NBC's hottest show, the most attractive show to advertisers, in 25 years."

Hi, Studmuffins. *Saturday Night* has no organized format. A jumble of political satire, tasteless jokes and off-balance sketches is delivered by the ram-bunctious "Not Ready for Prime Time Players," a cast of mostly unknowns who have a breezy informality that makes Carol Burnett and Archie Bunker look like waxworks. President Ford falls over all the time on *SN*, crying, "No problem." Viewers are urged to send samples of marijuana to be tested for quality. Don Vito Corleone is trapped in a therapy session with a blonde who screams, "You're blocking, Vito"; female hardhats rib male passersby: "Hi, studmuffins. Watch out, joy chunks."

There are some regular features, including Jim Henson and his Muppets,

from *Sesame Street*, and Chevy Chase's *Weekend Update*. Chevy, who started as a writer on the show (see box), is fast becoming its comedy star. He is a tall, conventional-looking young man, who opens a rude and funny parody of the nation's newscasters with "I'm Chevy Chase—and you're not." His news breaks are bizarre: "Vandals broke into the Louvre and attached arms onto the *Venus de Milo*." His favorite long-running story is: "Generalissimo Francisco

Franco is still seriously dead."

There is one other regular feature: the false advertisement deftly inserted in the middle of commercial breaks.

"Hi," says a bright-eyed woman coming into her kitchen. "I'm a nuclear physicist and chairman of consumer affairs." How does she do it? "She takes speed." A young man playing tennis says: "Right now I'm having a vasectomy." How does he do it? Golden Needles Voodoo Acupuncture—for those who don't have the time or money for costly operations. The put-ons have been too successful. The Gay Activists Alliance is mad at an ad that shows a homosexual reminiscing about the joys of dressing in his mother's clothes even as he places a long-distance call to Mom: "The next best thing to being her."

SN owes a debt to *Laugh-In* and to *Monty Python*, last year's hit on PBS, for its free-associating mixture of inanity and insult. It owes another one, too, without *Python*'s national success, it is doubtful whether Herb Schlosser, president of NBC, would have offered Dick Ebersol such a free hand when he told him last year to come up with a live show from Manhattan. Ebersol turned to Lorne Michaels, 31, a Canadian who was a writer and co-producer for Comedienne Lily Tomlin's award-winning specials. Michaels recalls: "I wanted a show to and for and by the TV generation. Thirty-year-olds are left out of



CANDICE BERGEN IN GUEST BIT
"Hope it won't crash."

television. Our reference points, our humor, reflect a life-style never aired on TV. *Mary Tyler Moore* and *Rhoda* are the most up-to-date shows on the air now, but they are liberated '50s."

In addition to Chase, Michaels recruited a core of writers including his own wife Rosie, 29, who had also worked for Tomlin; Michael O'Donoghue, 36, and Anne Beatts, 28, both formerly of the *National Lampoon*; and Herb Sargent, fiftyish, whose credits include *That Was the Week That Was*. Their styles are diverse. Their humor is not. Says O'Donoghue: "At some point in your life, you decide to either grow up or look like grownups. We've chosen the latter." Some critics think the show is sophomoric. Replies O'Donoghue: "Sophomoric is just the liberal word for funny."

God Can't Be Perfect. Sometimes *SN* is awful. Comedian Albert Brooks' taped films were at first a regular feature, but offered only ten minutes of boredom. The Muppets are cloying grotesques. The funniest jokes are the simplest: a land shark who gobbles up apartment dwellers; a parody of Catherine Deneuve's *Chanel No. 5* ad which ended with a perfume bottle stuck to Guest Host Candice Bergen's head. A lot depends on the guest hosts who change each week and around whom an entire show is written. Among the first tapped by Michaels were Comedian George Carlin and Actor Rob Reiner. Says Reiner: "I didn't care if the show fell flat

on its ass. TV needed it." He adds: "It's like an express train that no one can stop. You just have to hop aboard and hope it won't crash."

SN's most endearing and human quality is its unevenness. Guest hosts participate in the sketches themselves and some write their own jokes too. Carlin set the pace on his, the first show, with a line that would make prime-time programmers blanch: "God can't be perfect; everything he makes dies." By the time Lily Tomlin came on to host the fifth show, *SN* had a cult following. She made it a smash, her double-edged style and swift undercuts setting off *SN*'s frenzied variety. Suddenly, everyone wanted to act as host: Richard Pryor, Elliott Gould, Buck Henry, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, the British satirists, and this week Dick Cavett. The writers, of course, want someone a little different: King Olav of Norway, Patty Hearst (but we don't want to blow her de-

fense"), Ernest and Julio Gallo with Cesar Chavez as their guest.

Nothing is wasted on the show. For the first one, Rosie Michaels thought of the Bees, the repertory company dressed up in striped costumes with springy antennae, who descended on a startled host. But nobody laughed. Then Candy Bergen fell in love with them and became a Bee for the Bee-capades. Now the Bees are a staple. Recently they became South American killer bees who crossed the border crying, "Your pollen or your wife!"

SN was devised as a development project from which people and ideas could be spun off. In fact, the whole show may be spun off by NBC. The network is anxious to air a prime-time special. But Ebersol and Michaels fear that could kill the whole thing. "And if it did work," says Ebersol with a sigh, "we'd have to think up a whole new idea for late Saturday night."

ERIC BASKIN



CHEVY CHASE FALLING OVER FOR THE UMPTENTH TIME ON NBC'S SATURDAY NIGHT
"I love making people think I've killed myself."

Fall Guy

He is 32, looks like the boy next door and answers to the name of a Washington suburb. He is a graduate of a variety of Eastern private schools and has a degree in audio engineering, a mean rock-piano style and a reputation of sorts as a soccer player for Bard College. But it was not until last fall, when he stepped before the cameras on *Saturday Night*, that Cornelius ("Chevy") Chase discovered his full potential. He fell over. Slowly, gracefully and with complete abandon, Chevy's 6-ft. 4-in. frame crumpled to the floor, accompanied by the giggles, then laughs and finally roars of laughter from the studio audience.

"The fall is my favorite thing. I love making people think I've killed myself," says Chevy. He has been heading for that fall for several years.

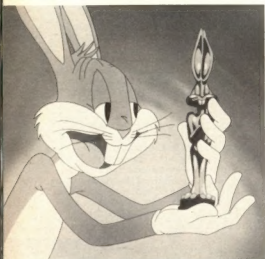
The son of an editor at Putnam, an old New York City publishing firm, young Chase could not decide whether to be a writer, a pianist, a drummer or an actor. Says his father: "He was a quadruple threat." So Chevy did everything. In 1971 he wrote for and acted in *The Great American Dream Machine*, PBS's comedy series. Then he toured with several rock bands and spent a year writing for *Mad* magazine. In 1973 he combined all his talents, becoming music

director, writer and actor on the *National Lampoon Theater Company's* off-Broadway revue *Lemmings*, which he helped create.

Last year Chevy was writing for the *Smothers Brothers* when Producer Lorne Michaels hired him for *SN*. Several of the show's writers were given brief on-camera appearances. But only Chevy—making vulgar faces behind the backs of his guest editorialists on "Weekend Update"—clicked. "I guess I just look so straight and normal," says Chevy, "nobody expects me to pick my nose and fall." Impressed by Chevy's instant popularity, Michaels began to use him more and more. Now Chevy often outshines the guest host. His success has not been wholeheartedly welcomed by

the rest of the gang. There is some tension and jealousy. "But what do you do?" asks Anne Beatts. "Tell him, 'Don't be so good, hold back!'"

Actually, the pace is too fast at *SN* to allow much time for ego. "We literally live the show," says Chevy. "I no longer have a private life." Married at 24 and now divorced, he has a girl friend in California whom he has not seen in two months. NBC executives expect great things of him. Impressed by his bland cheekiness, which suggests the young Bob Hope, they are hyping him as a possible successor to another all-American boy, Johnny Carson. Nothing doing, says Chevy. "I have no desire to spend the rest of my life interviewing actors. That's what I'm trying to expose in my writing—all that glitter and pretension."



BUGS HONORED IN SUPERSTAR

Rabbit Stew

BUGS BUNNY SUPERSTAR
Directed by LARRY JACKSON

Now this particular rabbit had a fast line of back talk, a keen sense of irony and an indomitable lust for survival. Cartoon heroes, if you think about it, tend to be victims. Either that or insufferable, like Mickey Mouse. Only Bugs Bunny managed to triumph in his struggles against an assortment of splenic aggressors without ever getting smug.

Staring down the double barrels of Elmer Fudd's shotgun or outrunning some improbably hirsute monster in sneakers, Bugs simultaneously courted disaster and mocked it. His wisecracking bravado caught the tone of the times. His was the attitude of the perennial winner, so it is not surprising that Bugs found his greatest popularity during and following the second World War.

Scant Attention. Bugs receives at least part of his due in this compilation of ten cartoons, cut together with some historical material about how they were made. The cartoons are representative, but they show Bugs only at his intermittent best. Many of his finest efforts are missing because rights were not available. Vintage home movies of the animation unit are fun, but Filmmaker Jackson relies too much on the reminiscences of Cartoon Director Bob Clampett to fill in the facts. Clampett pays scant attention to his contemporaries—Tex Avery, Friz Freleng, Chuck Jones—and endeavors to portray himself as Looney Tunes' brightest light. The two best cartoons in the show, however, are the work of others.

Freleng's *Rhapsody Rabbit* features

Bugs as a concert pianist laying waste one of Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies. *Hair-Raising Hare*, directed by Jones, pits Bugs against both a Peter Lorre prototype and the sneaker monster, showing the rabbit at his most unflappable. As he struggles to hold a wooden castle door closed against his pursuer, he calls out: "Is there a doctor in the house?" A silhouette appears on the screen, as if from the audience, and says: "Yes, I'm a doctor." Bugs, suddenly taking an insouciant munch on a carrot and ignoring the peril outside the door, inquires: "Eh, what's up, Doc?"

Jay Cocks

Quick Cuts

THE KILLER ELITE. James Caan and Robert Duvall show up in this haywire thriller as a couple of gunmen in the employ of a private company that handles political dirty work. When first glimpsed, they are helping a political exile from south of the border get to a safe harbor in Europe. While Caan showers after the hard day's work, Duvall, in the other room, shoots the top off the exile's head. Then he takes the first step toward becoming a double agent by shooting Caan too—but only in the knee and arm.

These opening minutes of *The Killer Elite* are fast and savage, prime work by Director Sam Peckinpah (*The Wild Bunch*). For most of the rest of the movie, however, his attention wanders. Eventually Caan is pressed back into special service, despite his handicaps. His bosses (Arthur Hill, Gig Young) want him to guard a crew of Asians. A second group of Asians wants to kill them. Got that? No, you don't. It is impossible to ascertain which group is which, why they are fighting, what they are doing in California, or why Peckinpah bothered with this movie in the first place.

J.C.

THE BLACK BIRD. Time has changed Sam Spade's old neighborhood. Never much to begin with, it has become a ghetto, where dope is pushed openly and where the cops have grown even dimmer. Sam's old office is managed by his son. As played by George Segal, Junior has inherited his father's cynicism, but none of his mental agility or old-fashioned pride in craft. Indeed, young Sam hates the private-eye dodge and is willing to lie, cheat and steal to get out of it.

Thus when a lot of characters wander into his office, apparently from that 1941 movie classic *The Maltese Falcon*, the kid is willing to listen to their improbable tales and help them find the ugly old statuette of a "black bird" that they are still looking for. Some agreeable humor results from the confrontation between these time-trippers and Writer-Director David Giler's

vision of the '70s as a great downer.

Despite a fairly steady stream of good little gags, *The Black Bird* does not really amount to much. It never develops the manic force of a Mel Brooks parody or the sly intelligence of Woody Allen's deft dips into the pocket of the past. The result is a pleasant movie that, a week or so later, one has to work hard to recall.

Richard Schickel

HUSTLE. If you believe Burt Reynolds, he "never sees his sins" when he is with Catherine Deneuve. That is probably because hers keep him too busy. Burt, conducting himself with the sunny vulgarity of a defrocked talk-show host, plays a cop called Phil Gaines. He lives with a high-class hooker named Nicole Britton, portrayed by Deneuve with the forced charm of a free-spending tourist trying to clear customs. Phil frets quite a bit about Nicole's line of work. In fact he frets about almost everything.

Screenwriter Steve Shagan was also responsible for the script of *Save the Tiger*. Jack Lemmon's Oscar-winning vehicle of two years back. Like Lemmon, Reynolds is forced to reminisce fondly about the putative glories of eras past—ballplayers, bands, movies—and wrestle with a numbing dose of angst. Although Director Robert Aldrich (*The Longest Yard*) does all he can to enliven this turgid material with sleazy jokes, low-down sex and a little violence, he cannot manage to stifle Shagan's sermon. Aldrich is like a kid passing around a dirty magazine while the preacher drones on from the pulpit above.

J.C.



REYNOLDS & DENEUVE IN *HUSTLE*
Shortsighted on sin.

**"If you Space Ski Mount Asgard...
before you hit the ground,
hit the silk!"**



**"Those treacherous winds
and the death-defying drop
down the mountain's sheer
granite face were enough
to make me as nervous as
a flea on a hot skillet."**

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 66.9 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.



"Shari made doubly sure my chute was secure. And triple-checked my skis. Then schuss! From my launching pad on the frozen mesa, I was on the way to my space walk. 4000 feet over the Turner Glacier in the Canadian Arctic."

"P-o-o-o-off! My chute billowed out. And none too soon. Because I still had some tricky maneuvering to do. Those deadly downdrafts almost collapsed my chute. But a little body English luckily prevented it...and it was happy landings."



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